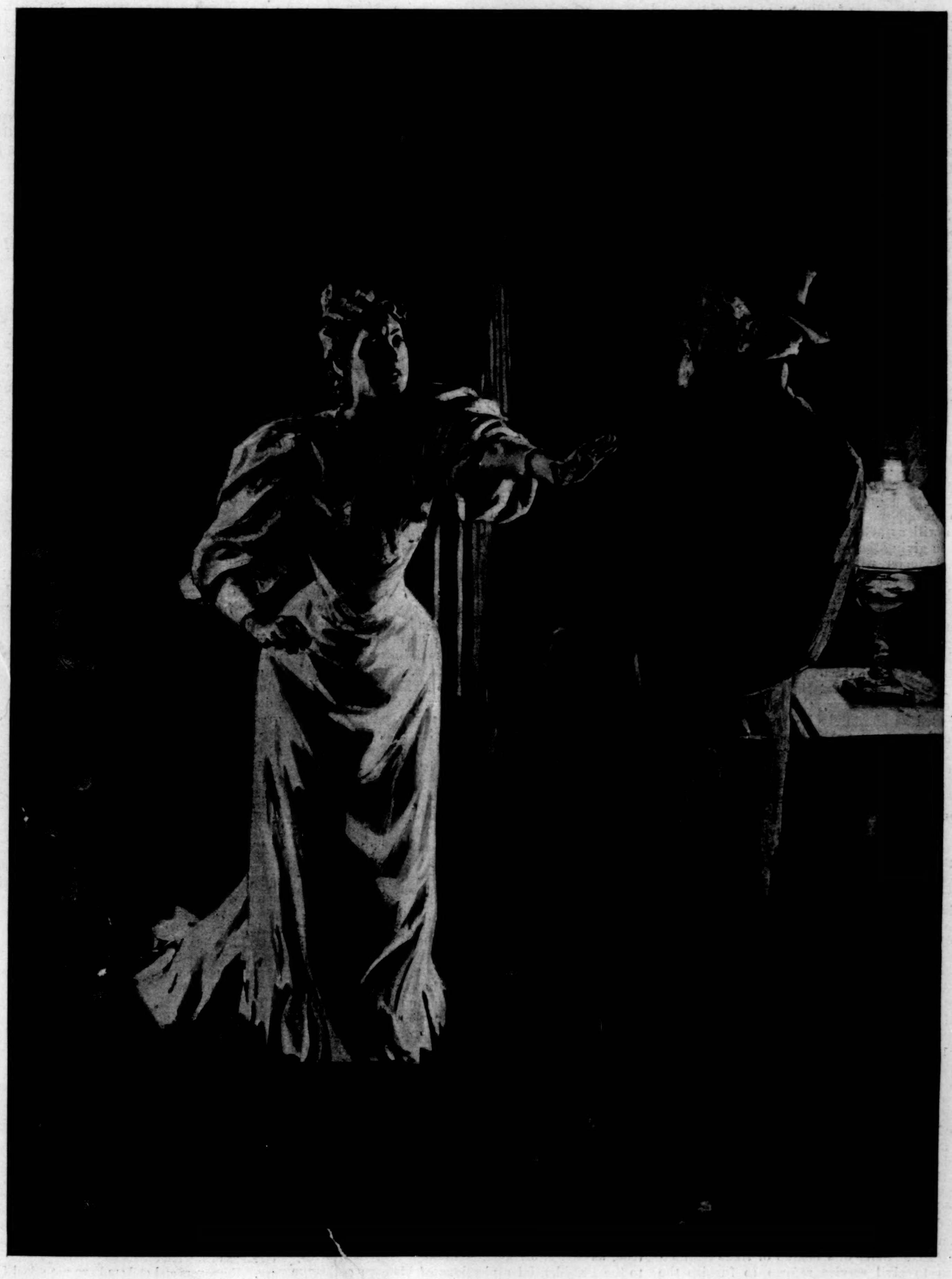
HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXXVIII.—No. 1984.

Copyright, 1894, by Harper & Brothers.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1894.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



"NOW KINDLY GO, WILL YOU?"

Drawn by W. T. Smedley.—[See "Madame Véry," by Eva Wilder McGlasson, Page 1246.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

PUBLISHED

NEW YORK CITY, DECEMBER 29, 1894.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

THE PROGRESS OF CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

THE National Civil Service Reform League held its annual meeting on the 12th and 13th of this month in Chicago. It met under circumstances of extraordinary encouragement. The first eighteen months of the present national administration had indeed passed without the fulfilment of any of those hopes which the well-known views of President CLEVELAND on the subject of civil service reform, as well as the peculiar independence of his position in party politics, seemed to warrant. There was even much in the distribution of offices outside of the classified places, as well as in the management of the department service, especially that of the Treasury, that called up unpleasant memories of the days when the spoils system was still in undisputed sway. But President CLEVELAND had evidently postponed action in the line of civil service reform only until other political questions should be out of the way; and immediately before the November elections he began to issue a series of orders enlarging the scope of the civil service rules, so as to put under them many thousands of places that until then had stood outside of them, and curing many of the defects of the system which had furnished opportunities for evading or circumventing the law. He announced at the same time that further steps in the same direction were to follow, and it seems now probable that before the expiration of his term every one of those "subordinate" places which the civil service law was originally intended to cover will be governed by the civil service rules.

No less important is the progress made in gradually "taking out of politics," that is, in making less partisan in character, offices which do not belong to the classified service. It is true the rule followed by President CLEVELAND, and also by Postmaster-General BISSELL, to permit irreproachable officers belonging to the opposite party to serve out their four years' term will, as at present administered, eventually result in giving the whole non-classified service a partisan character, which is very much to be deprecated; yet it serves at the same time to familiarize people with the sight of men in office who do not belong to the ruling party—a sight which by ocular demonstration disproves the old spoils doctrine that the holding of office by a man not of the ruling party is an intolerable enormity. But the most cheering sign in this respect is that part of the recent annual report of Postmaster-General BISSELL in which, in the most emphatic language, the whole spoils system is rejected as absolutely incompatible with an efficient conduct of the public business, and the enactment of a law is advocated to establish for the 60,000 fourth-class postmasters a mode of appointment removing them altogether from partisan influence. Of course if this is a good rule for the fourth-class post-offices, it must necessarily be regarded as a good rule for post-offices, or generally administrative offices, of every other class. It is no exaggeration to say that this report of Postmaster-General BISSELL is the strongest civil service reform tract that ever issued from any executive department. Its absolute sincerity is proved by an order issued by Mr. BISSELL some time ago to the postmasters throughout the country, directing them to devote their time and attention to their official business, and not to politics. This order has had an excellent effect, and it may be said that abstention of Federal officers from active participation in party politics has gradually become so general a rule as to be considered a perfectly natural thing.

Of far greater consequence, however, than all these signs of progress is the development of a spirited and active interest in civil service reform in circles which formerly appeared indifferent to it. This interest was not artificially created by the appliances of agitation. It grew spontaneously from a sense of want. The mercantile community, for instance, whose attention has for some time been directed to the necessity of enlarging our foreign commerce, naturally feels the need of an improved consular service. Knowing that our consular service has been demoralized and in a great measure been rendered unfit for its work by the spoils system, our chambers of commerce and boards of trade instinctively turn to civil service reform to furnish the needed remedy. And, what is more significant still, wherever the great problem of municipal government is discussed, the merit system, which is the essential part of civil service reform, is looked to as the instrumentality by which the municipal service is to be wrested from the grip of mercenary politicians, and to be made honest, economical, and efficient.

Some of the civil service reformers who attended the annual meeting at Chicago may have regarded the West as missionary ground, where it was necessary to preach to the heathen. They were pleasantly surprised to find that a practical application of civil service reform in the Western metropolis had anticipated their teaching. The Mayor of Chicago, Mr. HOPKINS, himself originally a Democratic politician of the spoils school, who was not long ago even suspected of an intention to organize in that great city a political machine on the Tammany model, had recently, in deference to a strong public sentiment, appointed a commission consisting of Mr. JOHN W. ELA, a Democrat, and president of the Civil Service Reform Association, Mr. HENRY RUBENS, the late Corporation Counsel, also a Democrat, and Mr. JOHN H. HAMLINE, a Republican civil service reformer, to draw up a set of civil service rules for the government of the Chicago police force; and on the day preceding the annual meeting of the League these rules were reported to the Mayor and approved by him. They embody the competitive principle in the strictest form, of course excluding all political considerations, and subject even policemen now in the service to examination, unless they have already served ten years or more. Similar movements in favor of putting the police force under civil service rules are at present prosperously going on in various parts of the West.

Thus the civil service reform idea is now taking hold of the popular mind in continually widening circles. It is pressing forward of its own momentum. We witness the striking fact that to-day it is as difficult to find a respectable newspaper opposing civil service reform as it was to find one advocating it ten years ago. It frequently happens with such movements that for a long time they seem to struggle almost hopelessly against an apparently overpowering current of public sentiment, when suddenly the tide turns and carries the cause easily toward its consummation. This turning of the tide seems to have now arrived for civil service reform, and the hope that its complete triumph will come before many years appears no longer over-sanguine.

REPUBLICAN OPPORTUNITY AND DUTY.

THE Republican party has an opportunity which has rarely been enjoyed by a political party in this country, and in many respects it is in a position to avail itself of the advantage which is offered it. It has been placed in power in every part of the Union. The people of the South, as well as of the North and West, have dealt its old enemy, the Democratic party, a blow from which it cannot recover so long as its present leaders are at its head, and so long as the party's promises are thereby made meaningless. This success was not gained, however, on the recent past of the Republican party. The people did not renounce their opposition to McKinleyism, to extravagant appropriations, to corrupt deals with corporations, trusts, and protected manufacturers, or to any of the forms of political vice and of paternal legislation which they had condemned by enormous majorities in 1890 and 1892. It is one of the healthful signs of the times that many Republican leaders realize the impossibility of restoring the policies which led to the great Republican defeats of four and two years ago. Possibly the recollection of the ease with which the voters changed their mind in a single year after electing Mr. CLEVELAND President and sending to the House of Representatives a Democratic majority of nearly a hundred, has made the Republican leaders sober in their triumph. At any rate, Mr. REED, who easily drops into satire and lightness in his treatment of public questions, has spoken since the last election with the solemnity of one who feels the weight of a grave responsibility. Following him are others who agree that the country is in no mood to listen to a proposition to restore discarded McKinleyism, or to tolerate another attempt to revise the tariff upward. Mr. REED and most of his associates feel that their party will not remain in power if it simply takes up the old tasks, for adhering to which the people visited it with their wrath while Mr. REED occupied the Speaker's chair, and Mr. MCKINLEY was chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means. Apparently a majority of the Congressional Campaign Committee agree with Mr. REED, for, in a recent discussion in that body at a meeting called to wind up the business of the last campaign, it was evident that the issue of McKinleyism is to be discarded. There will be professions of affection for the old fetich, but there will be no active campaign carried on in its behalf. It may be true, as Mr. BOUTELLE, with an apparent hostility to the Presidential aspirations of his own colleague strong upon him, said, that Mr. REED favored the MCKINLEY bill quite as strongly as Mr. MCKINLEY himself. In that respect the ex-Speaker does not differ from most other Republicans; but the reason why he is stronger before the country than Mr. MCKINLEY is that he has confessed to the impracticability of reviving McKinleyism, while his Ohio rival has no other issue on which to make his appeal to the Republican convention.

The Republican party cannot stand still. Nothing would be more dangerous to its chances than the adoption of Senator LODGE's advice to maintain a masterly inactivity, to do nothing that will indicate what its policy will be if it gains the Presidency and both Houses of Congress in 1896. Inactivity, dilatoriness, the practical defeat of Democratic pledges by the obstruction of the so-called conservative Senators, resulted in the great victory which has enabled the Republican party to capture the House of Representatives by a majority much greater than that which the people gave to the Democrats two years before. Many voters who believe in sound money, who accepted Mr. CLEVELAND on his letters concerning the free coinage of silver, and who are opposed to McKinleyism, have returned to the Republican party. Other voters, who are unsound on the money question, and who are disgusted with the halting performance of the Democrats on the tariff question, have gone on to the Populists.

These make up the balance of power in national politics, and both the sound-money and the unsound-money men are demanding action. It is not likely that anything will be accomplished at the present session of Congress if the whole matter is left to the Democrats, although the Banking Committee, following the lead of the Secretary of the Treasury, has set forth very bravely. The Republican vote is important on this as on all other questions this winter, and Republican action will be sharply watched. Fortunately the tendency of the Republican party is towards sound ideas on finance. It has been at times too deferential in its attitude towards the silver men in its ranks, and it has made unholy alliances with the Populists in the South, but, on the whole, its action since it came into being as a political power has tended in the right direction on money questions.

It is clear from the results of the last election that sound-money views are in the ascendency in this country, and it is to the Republican party that the people will look to carry out those views. The Republicans in Congress may gain much for their party, and much for the country also, by accepting some of the responsibilities for legislation during the present winter. They should not rest content with being a minority party. In the serious mood in which Mr. REED is discussing public questions, backed as he is by a large part of the Republican press, its leaders should assist the sound-money men among the Democrats in passing a measure that will accomplish something for the business interests of the country before the assembling of the Fifty-fourth Congress, a year from now. If they do this, the present session need not be fruitless. If the Republicans make it clear that they do not intend to use their power simply for the purpose of bringing their opponents to confusion, they will be able at least to force the adoption of a bill providing for a monetary commission. And if they accomplish this, it will be greatly to their credit in the national campaign coming on, for they will thereby retain the confidence of those who came back to them in the last election, and will gratify the hopes of the many who have learned to regard the party at heart as the opponent of all that is crude, hasty, and dangerous in currency legislation.

AN ASSAULT ON ART AND LETTERS.

SEVERAL months ago the WEEKLY called attention to a bill pending in Congress which is a direct and vicious attack upon art and letters. It is known as the HICKS bill, and proposes two amendments to the international copyright law, which, if passed, will bring loss not so much upon the publishers of daily and weekly papers as upon artists and writers. It is a bill directly in the interest of piracy and the shoal of dishonest persons who want to avail themselves of the labor and expenditure of others without making due compensation.

The New York *Sun* has now completely exposed the evil character of the bill, and has added its condemnation of the measure. No doubt the author of the bill has been deceived. His report shows that some one has convinced him that he is attempting an act of justice to newspapers whose publishers have been threatened with actions for infringement of copyright, their offence consisting in reproducing foreign pictures of no great value, and that would have been public property but for the enterprise of the publisher, who obtained a copyright on the first publication.

The truth about the bill is quite different. It proposes an amendment requiring that the plates of engravings and etchings shall be made in this country in order to secure copyright. This amendment raises a question that was settled before the copyright bill became a law, with the assent of all who are interested in it, and settled to the satisfaction of Congress as well. It has been agreed that engravings and etchings of foreign artists may be copyrighted in this country. Engravers and etchers have not asked for the protection which Mr. HICKS's bill proposes. The amendment is a blow at the artists, and at the international agreement in

pursuance of which the work of American etchers and engravers is copyrighted in Europe.

The more vicious of the two amendments, however, is that which practically denies copyright to weekly and daily papers "devoted in whole or in part to the news of the day." If this amendment be adopted every article and picture in each edition of such periodicals will have to be copyrighted. The purpose of the inventors of such an amendment is clear to every publisher, although it may not be to Mr. HICKS. Publishers who expend large sums of money for foreign pictures in order to reproduce them in their journals are to be placed at the mercy of those who want to publish them without compensating the artist. The issue before Congress is between honest and dishonest publishers, between those who are willing to pay for the literature and the pictures which they print, and those who want the profits of piracy at the expense of the artists and writers, at home and abroad, for whose protection the copyright law was enacted.

As the *Sun* well says, this bill is "directed against those arts of refinement and culture which at all times and in every civilized country have been considered as among the most priceless possessions of a people."

STATE BANK CIRCULATION.

IT is probably true, as Secretary CARLISLE declares, that the prevention of State bank circulation by a tax of 10 per cent. was not the best way to destroy the old State notes and to make way for the national bank notes. At the time the tax was authorized, however, it was the best way that suggested itself to the persons charged with the important duty of finding the ways and means for the prosecution of the war. At this late day the constitutionality of the tax cannot be questioned. It has been affirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States, and the advantage of the national bank currency is so generally recognized that any attempt to displace it for the old State currency would be a lamentable failure. Moreover, if the Federal government cannot deny to State banks the right to issue money, it certainly cannot supervise their circulation. If State banks issue currency they will do so under the authority of State laws. They will owe nothing to the Federal government, which has not brought them into existence, nor bestowed upon them a single power. It may be asserted that the power to issue bills under the limitations or conditions suggested by the Secretary of the Treasury will be conferred by the national government. But if the Federal government supposed that it might directly prohibit circulation to State banks, Congress would not have sought to accomplish that end indirectly by taxation. If it could not prohibit, it cannot now grant the power. By withdrawing the tax on State bank circulation, the State laws permitting circulation continue to operate, and whatever banks issue notes will do so under these laws. Any Federal laws permitting State laws to operate at the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury, the Comptroller of the Currency, or any other Federal officer, would probably be declared unconstitutional. Nothing like such a condition of things, at any rate, has been known in the history of the United States government.

It is evident, too, that the suggestion is not sincere, because the State banks would not issue circulation in competition with the national banks. Under the Secretary's plan the State banks would be governed by very much the same conditions as the national banks would be. They would be permitted to issue circulation provided that certain Federal Treasury officers were satisfied that their notes were not in excess of 75 per cent. of their capital, that they were a first lien on the assets of the bank, and that 30 per cent. of the circulation was reserved as a guarantee fund. The enormous power which this would give to these officials has not been discussed, but the abuses that might be practised under its shelter by corrupt men are apparent. The employment of the government's power over the banks by politicians was a flagrant scandal in the early history of the government. Aside from this, however, it is clear that the State banks could not distribute their circulation in competition with the national banks, whose notes would have the confidence of the people.

The provision of the Secretary's plan with respect to the State banks was probably inserted to secure votes. It does not bear the stamp of sincerity.

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER.

YOUR Turk is nothing if not polite. He has his little faults, it is true, amongst which is a rather unusual capacity for misgovernment. He is also credited with a very pretty taste in massacre and other little amenities of a similar kind which are apt to give offence to the uninitiated. But with it all there can be no doubt of his polite way of treating his neighbors—that is to say, of course, if they are strong enough to be worth the trouble. Just at present an occasion has arisen which seems to call for the exercise of this excellent national quality, and, as usual, the government at Constantinople is equal to the occasion. There has been a little trouble in Armenia—one of those small unpleasantnesses which will arise from time to time in the best-regulated Turkish provinces, in which more or less people are killed and a few outrages are committed. This sort of thing used not to create any disagreeable comment, but nowadays the newspapers are uncivil enough to rake up such matters, and even the government of Turkey must to some extent move with the times.

In the disagreeable circumstances the attitude of the Porte is all that the traditional politeness of the country demands. As in duty bound, the government has first denied the whole business. There was no massacre at all, to begin with, and if any one was unfortunately killed, which may possibly have happened, although the government has no information on the subject, it was only a few of the soldiers who were killed by the unruly Christians of the district. The explanation was polite, but it was hardly good enough. The Christian dogs—most Christians are dogs in strictly private and unofficial circles, it is said, in Constantinople—declined to take the word of the faithful on the subject. People in all parts of the civilized world have actually been talking as if it was some of their business what happened to women and children in Armenia. The notion, of course, is not only novel, but absurd. Yet even absurdities must sometimes be endured in the interests of peace and quietness, and once more the Turkish government proposes to make use of the soft answer, which has of late years proved so excellent an ally in diplomacy. The thing is cheap, and in this case surely it cannot but be safe. In some ways Turkey is well served. If she can depend upon any one thing it is upon the conscientious and undeviating falsehood of her officials.

There is to be a commission of inquiry into the Armenian business. Everybody is invited to send commissioners. The civilized world is to be present at the inquiry, and of course the civilized world—with whom, it need hardly be observed, the Turkish government has very little in common—is to be humbugged. It is hardly possible that anything should be proved, except perhaps the infinite capacity for lying of a well-trained Turkish official at such an inquiry. Yet it may not be wholly a failure. It is long since the question first was asked, "Am I my brother's keeper?" It will be something to be said for the Christianity and civilization of the nineteenth century if they have the courage to begin to answer the question in the affirmative.

TREASON.

IT is an old theory that the state is the parent of all its children, and the theory has been used for all it was worth in making laws for the punishment of treason. When it was the fashion to boil coiners, and tear out the hearts of parricides, with other gentle deterrents from crime, we can hardly wonder that the wholesale parricide of betraying one's country was treated a little roughly. Things, however, go out of fashion, and amongst them even crimes have a way of falling into decay. High treason has been fashionable in its day, but in most countries of the civilized world it has gone very much out of date. In theory a man may still betray his country, of course, but in practice he can now find a great variety of occupations that are at once more profitable and less dangerous. And besides this, most people have greatly altered their opinions on the subject. We are so much in the habit of criticising our governments nowadays that a large percentage of ourselves and a still larger proportion of our newspaper editors would come well within the definition of traitors in fashion a century ago. The fact of the matter is that we have changed all that. Treason is still a possible offence, no doubt, but it is one which nobody in his senses ever dreams of committing. If anybody, for instance, were to sell his country now, most of us would vote for putting him into an asylum, and making a small charge to the public for admission to see him on so many days in the week.

Ideas have not yet advanced quite so far as this in Germany. Humor is not, perhaps, exactly the strong point of the German mind, and if any one had asked who was the least likely person in Europe to have developed a sly humor, we should probably—after the Pope, and perhaps the editors of the comic papers—have selected the present Chancellor of the German Empire. When Prince HOHENLOHE was made Chancellor, the appointment was well received for many reasons. He was praised for his suavity; he was lauded for his sincerity; he was even patted, so to speak, on his princely back for a certain safe and respectable dulness of intellect. Strange to say, nobody dreamt that he would turn out to be funny. It is the unexpected that happens, however, and the new Chancellor has started in political business with an eminently funny programme. His first political act was to call for three cheers for the Emperor, and his next to propose that the Reichstag should authorize him to prosecute all of its members who did not cheer when they were asked to do so. Not to cheer for a Kaiser when asked to do so is, in the Chancellor's opinion, high treason in Germany; and if he desires one thing more than another, it is to have this made plain to the public mind. The law, he admits, protects members from punishment for anything they may say; but to refuse to shout is a very different matter. Very few persons, after all, would have heard him speak; still fewer, perhaps, would have understood him; but a great many could have heard him shout, and they would all have understood that it meant loyalty of the most genuine brand.

The Reichstag has been cruel enough not to see it. By a very large majority it has refused to endorse the new crime of high treason, and the Chancellor thinks it has weakened the monarchical sentiment of Germany by the rash act. Is it possible that this is only one more joke of the funny Chancellor? If not, it speaks volumes for the enfeebled condition of the monarchical sentiment. We have grown accustomed to hearing of people being arrested for not admiring the Kaiser's new song, and their offence, too, was no doubt the same. The sentiment is manifestly in a very critical state in Germany; but strangers might be pardoned if they venture to doubt whether the HOHENLOHE prescriptions are exactly the right treatment for the disease. If misguided Germans won't see the beauty of the Kaiser's songs, might it not be better not to write any more songs? Or if he really can't help writing them, at least he might keep them strictly amongst his friends, who perhaps won't mind. If members of the Reichstag really object to shouting when called upon, the remedy is, after all, in the Chancellor's own hands—let him not ask them in future. It is hardly likely that anybody will seriously object to the Chancellor cheering as much as he likes in private.

EQUALIZING THE MONEY SUPPLY.

THE government's business of shipping currency was increased a few years ago by the inauguration of a system of exchange between the country banks and their New York correspondents. Small banks throughout the country usually keep balances in New York drawing interest on call loans. These balances are sometimes of great assistance to the New York banks through which they are lent, and when money is tight the New York bank sometimes finds it extremely inconvenient to let these balances go. When a country bank wants money it wants it in a hurry, and it wants it in currency of small denominations. The demand is usually made during the season when the crops are moved. Knowing that the country institution cannot use money in large denominations, the New York banks some years ago played a sharp trick on their correspondents. Receiving a telegram from a country bank asking that a large amount of money be shipped immediately, the New York correspondent bank would telegraph back, "Cannot get anything but $20 gold pieces." The country bank could not use $20 gold pieces; besides, it would have to pay $2 25 a thousand dollars for shipping them. So the country bank would manage to get along somehow without the money.

One day a banker in Florida telegraphed to his New York correspondent asking for some money in $1, $2, and $5 bills. He received the usual reply about $20 gold pieces. He was a shrewd banker. He telegraphed to the Treasurer of the United States, asking if small bills could be furnished from the Sub-Treasury in New York in exchange for $20 gold pieces. Now the Treasurer of the United States is always in need of gold; he can never have too much. He telegraphed to the Florida man immediately, agreeing to furnish the needed small bills. The Florida banker wired his New York correspondent that he would take the $20 gold pieces, and asked to have them deposited with the Assistant Treasurer at New York. The New York banker had to stick to his offer; so the deposit was made at the Sub-Treasury, and the small bills were shipped by the Assistant Treasurer to the bank in Florida.

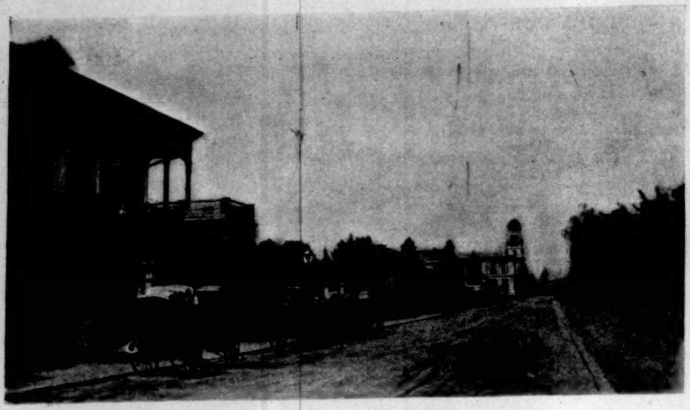
Of course when the New York game had been blocked once it could not be practised on any up-to-date country banker again. The New York bankers made an attempt to persuade the Treasurer of the United States to reverse his ruling and refuse to ship the bills to country bankers. The matter was carried to the Secretary of the Treasury, and he decided that the Treasurer was right. So the practice has been in vogue ever since, and it has facilitated the business of the country very much. Recently Secretary CARLISLE has ruled that the New York banks may deposit bills of large denomination in place of gold.

The form of transfer by which money is taken from New York now and shipped to any part of the country *via* Washington is very simple. The bank in the West or South telegraphs its correspondent in New York to deposit the sum which it requires—say $10,000—with the Assistant Treasurer at New York. At the same time it specifies the denomination of the bills to be shipped. The New York bank makes the deposit at the Sub-Treasury. The Assistant Treasurer sends a certificate of deposit of the amount to the office of the Treasurer at Washington. The Treasurer orders the $10,000 sent to the bank in bills of the denominations named. The packages of bills are made up by the clerks in the cashier's office and delivered to the agent of the United States Express Company, which has an office in the Treasury Department Building. The bank which receives the package pays the express company $1 50 for handling the money.

Or perhaps the money is to be paid at the Sub-Treasury in St. Louis or Chicago. If the Assistant Treasurer at the point named has a sufficient cash balance, the Treasurer telegraphs to him, "Pay to the —— Bank $10,000 in 2's, 5's, and 10's," if that is the request made in the requisition of the bank. The despatch, of course, is in cipher, and could not be changed in transmission for the purpose of committing a fraud. The Assistant Treasurer repeats back the message in this form: "Have paid to the —— Bank $10,000 in 2's, 5's, and 10's." This is also in cipher. If the two telegrams do not agree there has been some mistake in translating them or in transmitting them, and the whole transaction is suspended until the mistake has been corrected. There is seldom any delay, and the bank usually receives its remittance within twenty-four hours of the time of telegraphing its correspondent in New York.

But the Treasury Department is not satisfied with simply supplying the demands for accommodation made on it in this manner. The Treasurer tries to anticipate these demands. As the season for harvesting the rice and cotton crops approaches, the Treasury Department supplies to the Sub-Treasury at New Orleans large quantities of fractional currency and small bills, which will be needed to pay the field hands. When the great grain crops of the West are ready to be harvested, the Treasury Department fills its Western branches with the kind of money which will be needed by the small banks for distribution among the farmers. Norfolk, Virginia, uses up $40,000 worth of fractional currency in a year in the picking of the strawberry crop.

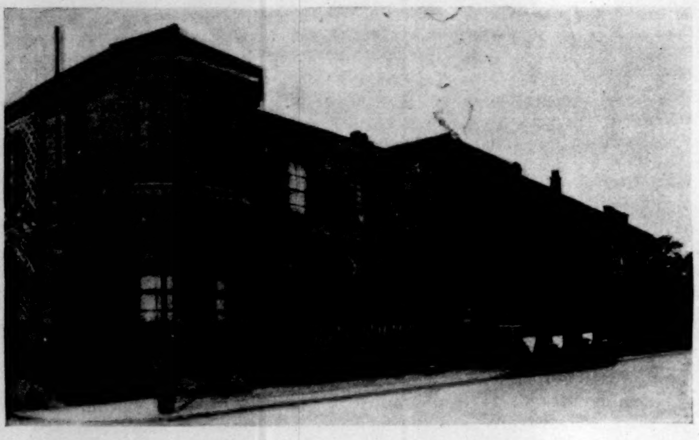
The expense of handling the money needed for the moving of the crops falls equally on the Treasury Department and on the country banks. Where a bank asks to have bills shipped to it, the expense is borne by the bank. Where silver money is wanted, the Treasury Department bears the expense. The Treasurer of the United States is always glad to pay the express charges on any quantity of silver for the purpose of getting it into circulation. That is the reason so much silver money is found in the West. The banks ask for silver rather than paper money, because they would have to pay the transportation charges on paper. It costs the government about $50,000 a year to keep the country supplied with silver. And it pays only $1 61 transportation on every thousand dollars.



THE GERMAN CLUB, YOKOHAMA.

THE BUND, KOBÉ.

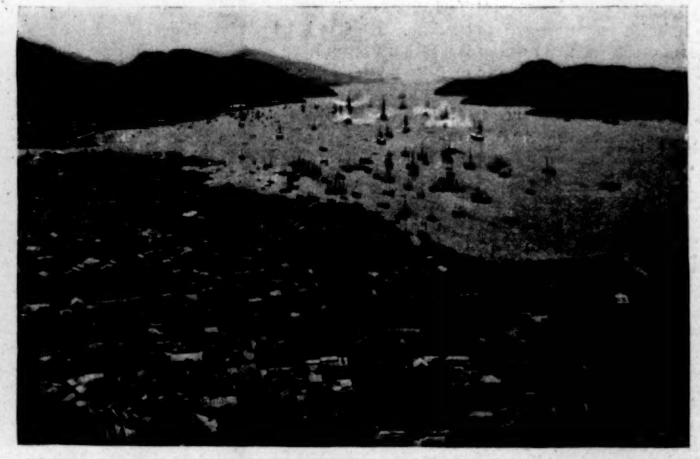
YOKOHAMA.



THE UNITED CLUB AND CLUB HOTEL, YOKOHAMA.

THE "HUNDRED STEPS," YOKOHAMA.

NAGASAKI BAY, JAPAN.
Pappenberg Island in the Distance.



NAGASAKI HARBOR ON A FOURTH OF JULY.
American and Japanese Fleets saluting.

LIFE IN THE FOREIGN SETTLEMENTS OF JAPAN.—[See Page 1234.]

THE "CONSTITUTION" AND THE "JAVA" AFTER THE ACTION.—From the Painting by Carlton T. Chapman.

THE "CONSTITUTION" AND THE "JAVA."

BY JAMES BARNES.

THE latter part of December, 1812, the old frigate *Constitution*, under the command of Commodore William Bainbridge, was cruising in southern waters off the coast of Brazil. Her brave little consort, the *Hornet*, she had left blockading the *Bonne Citoyenne*, a British sloop of war, in the harbor of Bahia. Every day the *Hornet* dared the Englishman to leave her anchorage and meet her, broadside to broadside, in the open sea beyond the neutral limits and the protection of Brazilian guns. Writes Captain Lawrence, of the Yankee sloop, to Captain Green, of the *Bonne Citoyenne*: "I pledge my honor that neither the *Constitution* nor any other American vessel shall interfere."

And as if to emphasize this announcement, the *Constitution* spread her sails and sailed off to the southward, Bainbridge's last message to the watching Lawrence being, "May glory and success attend you!" But Captain Green was prudent; the English vessel kept to the harbor with her load of specie and her superior armament, and Bainbridge it was who won "the glory and success." Surely the *Constitution* was launched on a lucky day. About sixty hours after leaving the Island of St. Salvador behind her the *Constitution* was again clearing decks for action, and the men were cheering as they jumped to the guns. The following account is compiled from the *Constitution's* log and Commodore Bainbridge's diary.

It was the 29th of December; the vessel was in 13° S. latitude and 38° W. longitude, about ten leagues distant from the coast of Brazil. It was 9 A.M. when two strange sails were discovered on her weather bow. At 10 the strange sails were discovered to be ships. One of them stood in for the land; the other stood off shore toward the *Constitution*. At 10 Commodore Bainbridge tacked ship to the northward and westward, and stood for the sail approaching him. At 11 A.M. he tacked to the southward and eastward, hauling up the mainsail and taking in the royals. At 11.30 made the private signal for the day, which was not answered; then the commodore set mainsail and royals, to entice the strange sail off from the neutral ground, and separate her from the sail in company, which, however, was not necessary, as the other, with everything drawing, was making up the coast.

At 12 the American ensign and pendant were hoisted on board the *Constitution*. At 15 minutes past 12 the strange sail hoisted an English ensign, and displayed a signal at her mainmast.

At a quarter past one, the ship in sight proving to be an English frigate, and being sufficiently distant from land, Commodore Bainbridge ordered the mainsails and royals to be taken in, tacked ship, and stood for the enemy, who soon bore down with an intention of raking the *Constitution*, which she avoided by wearing. At 2 o'clock P.M. the British ship was within half a mile of the *Constitution*, and to windward. She now hauled down her colors, except a union-jack at the mizzen masthead. This induced Commodore Bainbridge to order a gun to be fired ahead of her, to make her show her colors. This was succeeded by the whole of the *Constitution's* broadside. Immediately the enemy hoisted colors, and at once returned the fire. A general action now commenced with round and grape shot. The British frigate kept at a much greater distance than the commodore wished. He, however, could not bring her to closer action without exposing his vessel to be several times raked. Both vessels for some time manœuvred to obtain a position that would enable them to rake or avoid being raked, and it was evident that the Englishman was cautious and well manned. In the early part of the engagement the wheel of the *Constitution* was shot away; but so well was she handled from below that her movements were hardly retarded. Commodore Bainbridge now determined to close with the British vessel, notwithstanding in so doing he should expose his ship to be several times raked. He ordered the fore and main sails to be set, and luffed up close to the enemy in such manner that his jib-boom got foul of the *Constitution's* mizzen rigging. About 3 o'clock the head of the British vessel's bowsprit and jib-boom were shot away, and in the space of an hour her foremast was shot away by the board, her maintopmast just above the cap, her gaff and spanker-boom, and her mainmast nearly by the board.

About 4 o'clock, the fire of the British vessel being completely silenced, and her colors in the main-rigging being down, she was supposed to have struck. The courses of the *Constitution* were now hauled on board, to shoot ahead, in order to repair her rigging, which was very much cut. The British vessel was left a complete wreck; but her flag was soon after discovered to be still flying. The *Constitution*, however, hove to to repair some of her damages. About a quarter of an hour after, the mainmast of the British vessel went by the board. At a quarter of five or thereabouts the *Constitution* wore, and stood for the British vessel, and got close to her athwart her bows, in a very effectual position for raking, when she very prudently struck her flag. Had she suffered the broadside to rake her, her additional loss would have been extremely great; for she lay quite an unmanageable wreck upon the water.

After the British frigate struck, the *Constitution* wore, and reefed topsails. One of the only two remaining boats out of eight was then hoisted out, and Lieutenant Parker, of the *Constitution*, was sent to take possession of the frigate. She proved to be his Britannic Majesty's frigate *Java*, rating 38 but carrying 49 guns. She was manned by upwards of 400 men, and was commanded by Captain Lambert, a very distinguished naval officer. He was mortally wounded. The action continued, from the time the firing commenced till the time it ceased, one hour and fifty-five minutes.

Mr. Chapman's painting shows the transfer of the prisoners and wounded. The *Java* was on fire and leaking; nothing could have saved her or the souls on board if the *Constitution* had been disabled.

The *Constitution* had 9 men killed and 25 wounded. The *Java* had 60 killed and 101 certainly wounded; but by a letter written on board the *Constitution* by one of the officers of the *Java*, and accidentally found, it is evident her loss must have been much greater. The unknown writer states it to have been 60 killed and 170 wounded.

The *Java* had her own full complement of men, and upwards of one hundred supernumeraries for British ships in the East Indies. Her force in number of men, at the commencement of the action, was probably much greater than the officers of the *Constitution* were enabled to ascertain. Her officers were extremely cautious in giving out the number of her crew, but by her quarter bill she had one man more stationed at each gun than the *Constitution*. The *Java* was an important ship. She was fitted out in the most complete manner to carry Lieutenant-General Hislop and staff to Bombay, of which place he had been appointed Governor, and several naval officers for different vessels in the East Indies. She had despatches for St. Helena, the Cape of Good Hope, and for every British establishment in the India and Chinese seas. She had copper on board for a 74 and for two brigs, building at Bombay, and probably a number of other valuable articles.

The great distance from the United States and the disabled state of the *Java* precluded any attempt to bring her to the United States. The commodore therefore determined to burn her; he set fire to her; and the *Constitution* sailed away. Shortly after dark the British ship blew up. The prisoners were all landed at St. Salvador and paroled. The commander of the *Java*, Captain Lambert, died soon after he was put on shore. The British officers paroled were: 1 lieutenant-general, 1 major, and 1 captain of land service; in the naval service, 1 post-captain, 1 master and commander, 5 lieutenants, 3 lieutenants of marines, 1 surgeon, 2 assistant surgeons, 1 purser, 15 midshipmen, 1 gunner, 1 boatswain, 1 master, 1 carpenter, and 2 captain's clerks; likewise, 323 petty officers, seamen, and marines—making altogether 351 men; besides 9 Portuguese seamen liberated, and 8 passengers, private characters, who were permitted to land without restraint.

Lieutenant Aylwin, of the *Constitution*, was severely wounded during the action. When the boarders were called to repel boarders, he mounted the quarter-deck hammock cloths, and, in the act of firing his pistol at the enemy, he received a ball through his shoulder. Notwithstanding the severity of his wound, he continued at his post until the enemy struck. A few days afterwards, when an engagement was expected with a ship, which afterwards proved to be the *Hornet*, he left his bed and repaired to quarters, though laboring under a considerable debility, and under the most excruciating pain. He died on the 28th of January, at sea. The following is the official account that Commodore Bainbridge made to the Secretary of the Navy. It is as concise and dramatic as all the reports of our naval heroes were in those days, and as he wrote Bainbridge was suffering from serious wounds and in danger of his life:

"I have the honor to inform you that on the 29th of December, at 2 P.M., in south latitude 13° 6', west longitude 38°, and about ten leagues distant from the coast of Brazil, I fell in with, and captured, his Britannic Majesty's frigate *Java*, of forty-nine guns, and upwards of four hundred men, commanded by Captain Lambert, a very distinguished officer. The action lasted one hour and fifty-five minutes, in which time the enemy was completely dismantled, not having a spar of any kind standing.

"The loss on board the *Constitution* was 9 killed and 25 wounded, as per enclosed list. The enemy had 60 killed

and 101 wounded (among the latter, Captain Lambert, mortally), but, by the enclosed letter, written on board this ship by one of the officers of the *Java*, and accidentally found, it is evident that the enemy's wounded must have been much greater than as above stated, and who must have died of their wounds previous to their being removed. The letter states 60 killed and 170 wounded. . . .

"Should I attempt to do justice, by representation, to the brave and good conduct of my officers and crew, I should fail in the attempt; therefore, suffice it to say that the whole of their conduct was such as to meet my highest encomiums. I beg leave to recommend the officers, particularly, to the notice of the government, as, also, the unfortunate seamen who were wounded, and the families of those brave men who fell in action.

"The great distance from our own coast, and the perfect wreck we made of the enemy's frigate, forbade every idea of attempting to take her to the United States. I had, therefore, no alternative but burning her, which I did on the 31st, after receiving all the prisoners and their baggage, which was very hard work, only having two boats left out of eight, and not one left on board the *Java*.

"On blowing up the frigate *Java* I proceeded to St. Salvador, where I landed all the prisoners on their parole, to return to England, and there remain until regularly exchanged, and not to serve in their professional capacities in any place or in any manner whatsoever against the United States of America until their exchange shall be effected."

Upon the return of Commodore Bainbridge to the United States he was everywhere received with the greatest joy. Congress voted $50,000 to him and his crew, and ordered a gold medal to be struck for him and silver ones for each of his officers. New York presented him with the freedom of the city, and he was the recipient of plate and swords, and many banquets were held in his honor.

A pathetic and dramatic incident occurred when the wounded Captain Lambert was being moved off the ship at St. Salvador. He lay on the deck suffering intense pain, when Bainbridge, supported by two officers, approached. Bending down with great difficulty, he placed Captain Lambert's side-arms on the cot on which the latter lay, saying that the sword of so brave a man should never be taken from him; then the two wounded commanders grasped hands in mutual respect and admiration. The correspondence between Lieutenant-General Hislop and Commodore Bainbridge, after Lambert's death, shows plainly the lofty spirit that existed then between great-minded enemies.

NOËL TRIUMPHALIS.

FROM out the lowlands journeyed she,
The mild-heart Mother-maid;
Aloft into the hill countrie,
Where Bethlehem was laid.
The humble herbs her feet did press
Would fain have served her in her stress,
And slipped some balm
For tender alm
As to her trial patiently
Plied pale Mary.

But sole her travail she must meet;
None else her pangs might bear.
So earnèd she her easement sweet,
And for her griefs repair.
The wee wet lips against her breast,
The head she tremblingly caressed,
Were guerdon pure
Of triumph sure;
And so she slept, His little feet
Where her heart beat.

O bells, ring out in sweet accord!
Stars, from the gloom forth leap!
For lo! our steps shall turn them toward
The hill countrie, the steep.
We will forsake the lowly vale,
And brave aloft our sole travail;
Then may we rest,
And to our breast
Draw close the new-born One adored—
Our Christ the Lord.

JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

LIFE IN THE FOREIGN SETTLEMENTS OF JAPAN.

IJIN-SAN, or "Mr. Foreigner," as he is politely called by the Japanese, is a source of curious interest to the natives outside the treaty ports, and they seem never to tire of watching his eccentricities. His age, habits, appetite, are subjects of inquiry and remark.

Mr. Theodore Wores, the American artist, was once painting the Nio-mon, or "Gate of the Two Kings," which marks the entrance to the mortuary temples dedicated to Iyeyasu at Nikko. His easel was fixed under the shadowing curves of a pagoda, which is the first object to claim the visitor's attention. The Japanese guides soon discovered that the artist and his work were far more interesting to the rural crowds they led there than was the beautiful pagoda, and that no attention was paid to their monotonous description of it, and they came to the wise conclusion that the painter must be included in the show. So the sight-seers were first conducted to his easel, and informed, in professional tones: "This honorable gentleman is an American. He is very rich, and has come to Japan especially to paint the Nio-mon. He earns his living by painting, and will receive 1200 yen [about $960 at that time] for that picture. He lives at Suzuki's, eats a great many eggs and chickens, and does not drink any *saké*." The company, after due inspection of his work, were then ready to listen to a description of the pagoda.

In the "open ports" and their vicinities *Ijin-san* is a "twice-told tale." The terms of the treaties confine him within certain defined limits, and permit his residence in the cities of Niigata, Hakodate, Yokohama, Tokyo, Kobé, Ozaka, and Nagasaki, and beyond the "treaty limits" about them he can pass only by means of a passport.

The foreign trade centres in Yokohama, Kobé, and Nagasaki. The foreign settlements in the other ports are in the main occupied only by missionaries.

The business portion of Yokohama fronts on the bay, and extends some six or seven blocks back from the water. The city has a population of 152,000, and is situated in a valley which is surrounded by a crescent of green hills. One point is occupied by the Japanese, and the southern horn is the "Bluff," where most of the foreign residences are situated. Its winding roads with no sidewalks, its white low bungalows shining out from among trees of a green more vivid than is seen any place else in the world outside of Japan, make the Bluff a very pretty spot.

The foreign concession of Hiogo (Kobé) lies similarly fronting the water, while homes of the residents are on a gently sloping hill back of the business portion.

In Nagasaki it is the same. The foreign houses look out on one of the most beautiful harbors in the world. It is landlocked, dotted with islands, and indented with bays, and surrounded by hills wooded from base to crest. The prettiest and loftiest island in the bay is Takaboko, more commonly known as Pappenberg, from the top of which, in 1637, thousands of native Christians were thrown over its cliffs, after being subjected to fearful tortures.

Owing to the cosmopolitan constitution of the foreign settlements the national lines are at times pretty sharply drawn. There is always one club. Yokohama has two—the Yokohama United Club and the German Club. The general tone of the settlements, however, is in Japan, as in almost all far Eastern foreign communities, essentially British. In Yokohama, for instance, there are, exclusive of the Chinese, 1605 foreigners, and of these 808 are subjects of her Majesty Queen Victoria. The banks are under their control. In 1893 fifty-six per centum of the foreign trade of the country was carried in British bottoms, and nearly one-third of the total value of the imports comes from Great Britain. The business methods and the course of procedure in all organized bodies, both of a business and social character, are, as a natural consequence, formed on British models. This influence has equal force and effect upon the customs, manners, and laws of society. The hub of the social system is that British institution the "blessed hour of our dinners." The day exists that dinner may be served, and the winter is spent in an exchange of these evening meals. Every social obligation is considered to be discharged by an invitation to dinner, and that meal assumes all the formality and solemnity of a religious ceremony.

The winter amusements of the little communities make a pleasanter picture. The large dances are usually subscription affairs, given in either the Public or Masonic Hall.

The Bachelors' Ball is one of the events of the season. At the annual ball given by the St. Andrew's Society (all Scotchmen) strangers are initiated into the mysteries of haggis, and enlivened by the noisy, pretty Highland Schottische. The German Club gives three winter balls, which are very popular. An evening party at a private house is a rarity. Once or twice during the winter fourth-rate theatrical troupes come limping through India, and up the coast of China to Japan. Then the poor starved foreigner dons his evening dress, and religiously attends the performances, and sighs for the theatres of home. In consequence of the dearth of amusements of this character, amateur theatricals flourish, and get in their deadly work.

Americans are generally popular because of their national character and because they are not European. There are more fun and freedom in their social gatherings than are found in the houses of the stiff English, who look down with unbending disdain on the frivolity of dum crambo and charades, but an invitation to an American evening in the home of one of that nationality is prized by the younger members of the British colony.

The Americans are the only people their British cousins will make any concessions to. In the Yokohama Club an American is frequently a member of the governing committee, and some years since a United States consul-general was its president. American billiards, drinks, papers, and magazines abound. On the upper veranda of the Boat Club the corner towards the summer southwest breeze is known as the American corner, because of the scarred and scratched condition of the railing, due to contact with American boots.

In spite, however, of all their petty variances, the English and Americans generally stand together for all good purposes. The influence of their common language, kindred, laws, and love of liberty is stronger than their national differences, and of all the foreigners in the far East there is none the American hates so well and loves so much as the Englishman.

The official life in Tokyo repeats to a certain extent the winter round of the settlements. As the Japanese are not admitted to the clubs of Yokohama, the government has built a club-house in the capital which is known as the Rokumei-kwan (stag's rest), of which many foreigners and Japanese are members. In its ballroom the annual government ball is given on the Emperor's birthday, November 3d.

There is the usual round of diplomatic dinners, with an occasional party at the houses of the members of the cabinet or at the legations. In the spring and fall garden parties are given by the Emperor and Empress—in May at the Hama Rikiu to see its famous *sakura*, or flowering cherry, and in November at the pleasure palace, where the imperial collection of chrysanthemums is on view. On these occasions only the diplomats, Japanese officials of high rank, foreign naval officers, and distinguished foreigners (an elastic classification) are invited.

So far as their public life is concerned, the Japanese officials live, dress, and entertain in foreign style.

The short hot summer drives all who can escape to the mountains or the sea-shore, or to "take a temple"; for, singular as it may seem, small temples are frequently rented to foreigners during the summer, and the household goods are installed in the midst of their religious trappings. Those who remain behind play tennis, row, bathe, and endeavor to keep cool.

During the entire year Saturdays and Sundays are devoted to excursions into the country. It may be to Futago to eat the *ai* (a small trout), or to Ikegami to witness some gorgeous Buddhist ceremony, or to Kamakura to see Daibutsu, or to Kyoto to run the rapids of the rushing Katsura-gawa, or to attend the various Japanese "flower-viewings." It may be the *mome*, the fragrant flowering plum at Sugita in March, or the delicate and lovely *sakura*, the wild flowering cherry, in all its pink-white glory, at Uyeno, or along the banks of the Sumida-gawa at Mukojima, in April. Or maybe the attraction is the long graceful pendants of the *fuji-hana* or wistaria at Kameido, a month later, or the graceful iris in June. Or a pilgrimage may be made in August to see the gorgeous lotus at Uyeno, or in November to Kawawamura or to Donga-zaka for the wonderful *kiku*, the imperial chrysanthemum, and later in the same month at Oji the maples are a blaze of scarlet.

Curio-hunting through Japanese towns is an every-day affair, and for fear the exiles should be too happy, frequent earth-tremblors keep doors easily opened ready for a rapid escape, curios wired for safety, and chimneys so built that they may indulge in their own oscillation, which in an earthquake is different from the movement of the house. And frequent fires warn the careful man to keep his property insured—at one per cent. on the Bluff, and from two to three in the settlement.

Japan is a very paradise for the down-trodden race of housekeepers. The servant question is practically eliminated from the small-talk. Living is very cheap, judged by our standards. A tidy six or eight room bungalow can be rented for from $20 to $25 monthly, servants quarters included. These last are furnished by the servants themselves, except the *tatami*, or floor mats, which are supplied by the lessee or owner of the house. With this exception they care for themselves entirely, as foreign food is distasteful to them.

First in dignity in every household is the "boy," or, more politely, Boy-san, or "Mr. Boy." He is not, however, an immature lad, as the designation might imply, but is generally a man of over thirty, with a wife and a brood of little "Japs." He is butler and chambermaid, tends the door and waits on table, and when his master and mistress dine out he frequently accompanies them. He is interpreter and broker in the various dealings and hagglings with the peripatetic curio-men, and performs the same office during the visits to the Japanese theatre, where the plays "outlast a night in Russia." He is guide and courier, and sometimes cook when his "missis" and her husband are travelling outside "treaty limits." All of these virtues, with a greater or less amount of devotion thrown in, are to be hired for about $7 or $8 a month.

Next comes "Cook-san," or "Mr. Cook," who is frequently an artist in his way. In Yokohama he is likely to be of the French school, as the principal hotel had for years a Gallic proprietor, and many of the cooks in private families have been "learn-pidjins" there or pupils of its graduates. Cooks with superior accomplishments are generally well known through the settlement, and are borrowed to make their particular specialties. Cook-san usually has entire charge of his department, making all purchases therefor, and rendering his accounts weekly to his mistress. These are understood to include his personal "squeeze," or commission, but it is generally spread so thin as to be unnoticed, and is winked at so long as he is discreet.

Mr. Cook is a man of infinite resource, and his principle is that it is always the unexpected which happens. A dinner prepared for two will always, in his facile hands, after a half-hour's notice, do for four. The secret is simple. He borrows from his neighbors, and the larders of half a dozen houses may be levied on to supply the sudden demands of one. It is even related that a lady, dining at the house of a friend, found her own napkins and silver, bearing her initials, in use on the table. These accommodations are mutual, and the borrowed articles are returned next day. The wages of the cook are also about $7 or $8 monthly. These are the essential servants. Others depend on inclination and means. If a trap is kept it is in charge of a *betto*. His duties are not alone those of the hostler. When he does not drive he runs alongside or ahead, warning pedestrians of the approach of his charge.

The *amah* may be a lady's-maid or the children's nurse. A *momban*, the gatekeeper, also gardener and man-of-all-work about the "compound," completes the list.

Japanese servants are efficient, generally honest, intelligent, and fairly industrious, and when appreciated and kindly treated are loyal and devoted to their *dannasan* (master) and *O kami-san* (mistress).

Even in Japan there are drawbacks, and women labor under untold difficulties in the matter of dress. Foreign materials are about a season behind the times, are only imported in limited quantities, and are expensive. Styles are equally belated. Each woman must cut to suit herself, imitating as best she can the modes of the outside world either by copying fashion plates or by inspirations derived from observing the gowns of women just returned from home. Really handsome dresses come from Paris or the United States, and are fitted on being received in Japan.

The dressmakers are mainly Chinese, and all men. They have only one real merit—they work cheaply. On arriving in Yokohama the writer had the following card sent up to his room at his hotel:

AH NIE,

CHINESE DRESSMAKER.

Modishly stylish shape always in possession.

The despair which must now have seized the foreign settlements can be imagined, as all these Chinese dressmakers save one have returned to their native land in consequence of the war, and that one has remained by becoming a Japanese subject. Some years since an occasional catalogue of one of the great New York houses would wander out to Japan. The illustrations of the various dresses were carefully studied, and the owner of the catalogue would mark with her initials such plates as she desired to copy, and then pass it on to her dearest friend for a similar purpose. This unregistered copyright was always respected, and that duplication of gowns so distressful to the feminine soul was thus avoided.

The winter of 1886 saw hard times in Yokohama. The craze for foreign dress, led by the Empress, swept over Japan, and seized the Japanese ladies who up to that time had resisted the mania. Native dealers came from Tokyo and bought up at retail prices the entire winter stock of dress goods. The dressmakers, Chinese and Japanese, emigrated to the capital, and there earned wages far in excess of those formerly received from their foreign patrons. These Yokohama stitchers, freed from the supervision of the foreigner, cut and hacked as they willed, and the Japanese dames, having no means of comparison, were compelled to accept whatever was produced, and the dresses that appeared at the Tokyo entertainments during that winter were "wonderfully and fearfully made."

All articles for men's wear are easily obtained, fairly cheap, and moderately good.

There are seven daily newspapers published at the treaty ports—four at Yokohama, two at Kobé, and one at Nagasaki. They are owned and edited by Englishmen, and are invaluable to any one interested in Japan. These far-East colonies have the defects of small towns much aggravated by the international friction. On the other hand, the distance from home and the peculiar conditions of their isolation make them kindly, hospitable, and, above all, generous and charitable.

Of late years the politics of treaty revision has widened the breach between the foreigners and natives, and in the bad feeling thus engendered the virtues of both peoples are lost sight of and their defects doubly accentuated.

EUSTACE B. ROGERS, United States Navy.

FARM VALUES AND MORTGAGES.

BY J. K. UPTON.

THE act authorizing the taking of the Seventh Census—that of 1850—provided that the enumerators should ascertain and report the acreage of farm lands in the country, and their valuation, with improvements thereon, and like provision has been made for each subsequent census. The following table shows the acreage and value of such lands for each of the decades in question, the valuation for 1870 being reduced twenty per cent. from amount reported, to bring it to a specie standard, in which the other periods are reported:

Year.	Acreage of farm lands.	Value of farm land and improvements.	
		Total.	Per acre.
1850	293,560,614	$3,271,575,426	$11.14
1860	407,212,538	6,645,045,007	15.33
1870	407,735,041	7,410,243,109	18.41
1880	536,081,835	10,197,096,776	19.02
1890	623,218,619	13,279,252,649	21.22

These valuations are based upon the sworn statements of the several owners of the farm land in question, as given to the enumerators, by which officers they were returned to the Census Office for compilation.

It will be seen that there has been in the aggregate an increase during each of the several decades both in acreage and valuation of this class of property, the increased value per acre during the last decade being $2.20. The increase in the aggregate for same period, however, is not represented by a relative increase in each of the States and Territories, some of them showing a decrease in acreage or valuation, one or both, as will be seen by the following detailed table. The increase in each case is marked with a plus sign (+), the decrease with a minus (–). For convenience the totals are stated in the thousands only, the last three figures of each amount being omitted:

FARM LANDS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

	Total acreage.		Valuation.			
			Total.		Gain or Loss.	
	1890.	1880.	1890.	1880.	Total.	Per cent.
	(Thousands.)	(Thousands.)	(Thousands of Dollars.)	(Thousands of Dollars.)	(Thousands.)	
The United States.	623,219	536,082	13,279,253	10,177,097	+3,102,156	+30.28
NORTH ATLANTIC DIVISION.	62,744	67,986	2,539,201	2,803,443	–264,242	–9.42
Maine	6,180	6,553	98,568	102,358	–3,790	–3.69
New Hampshire	3,459	3,721	66,163	75,834	–9,671	–12.73
Vermont	4,396	4,883	80,428	109,346	–28,918	–26.44
Massachusetts	2,998	3,359	127,538	146,197	–18,659	–12.76
Rhode Island	469	515	21,873	25,882	–4,009	–15.45
Connecticut	2,254	2,454	95,001	121,064	–26,063	–21.53
New York	21,962	23,781	968,127	1,056,177	–88,050	–8.33
New Jersey	2,662	2,930	159,263	190,896	–31,633	–16.56
Pennsylvania	18,364	19,790	922,240	975,689	–53,449	–5.48
SOUTH ATLANTIC DIVISION.	100,158	101,420	1,135,320	891,774	+243,546	+27.31
Delaware	1,056	1,090	39,586	36,790	+2,796	+7.60
Maryland	4,952	5,120	175,059	165,503	+9,556	+5.77
District of Columbia	12	18	6,471	3,632	+2,839	+78.22
Virginia	19,105	19,836	254,491	216,028	+38,463	+18.75
West Virginia	10,321	10,194	151,881	133,147	+18,734	+14.07
North Carolina	22,652	22,364	183,977	135,794	+48,183	+35.48
South Carolina	13,185	13,453	99,104	68,677	+30,427	+44.30
Georgia	25,201	26,043	152,006	111,911	+40,095	+35.90
Florida	3,674	3,297	72,745	20,292	+52,453	+258.45
NORTH CENTRAL DIVISION.	256,587	206,982	7,069,767	5,129,441	+1,940,326	+37.82
Ohio	23,352	24,530	1,050,032	1,127,497	–77,465	–6.60
Indiana	20,363	20,421	754,789	635,236	+119,553	+18.32
Illinois	30,498	31,674	1,262,871	1,009,595	+253,276	+25.08
Michigan	14,786	13,807	556,191	499,103	+57,088	+11.44
Wisconsin	16,788	15,353	477,525	357,710	+119,815	+33.41
Minnesota	18,664	13,403	340,059	193,724	+146,335	+75.54
Iowa	30,492	24,753	857,581	567,430	+290,151	+51.13
Missouri	30,780	27,879	625,858	375,633	+250,225	+69.30
North Dakota	7,660	*3,800	75,310	*22,401	+160,375	+715.93
South Dakota	11,396		107,466			
Nebraska	21,593	9,945	402,359	105,933	+296,426	+27.98
Kansas	30,215	21,417	559,726	235,179	+324,547	+138.00
SOUTH CENTRAL DIVISION.	156,448	133,500	1,440,023	981,556	+458,467	+46.50
Kentucky	21,412	21,495	346,339	299,299	+47,040	+16.05
Tennessee	20,162	20,666	242,701	206,750	+35,951	+17.35
Alabama	19,853	18,855	111,051	78,955	+32,096	+40.65
Mississippi	17,573	15,855	127,423	92,845	+34,578	+37.24
Louisiana	9,544	8,274	85,381	58,989	+26,392	+49.75
Texas	51,407	36,292	399,972	170,468	+229,504	+134.57
Oklahoma	1,606	......	8,582	......	+8,582	......
Arkansas	14,891	12,063	118,574	74,250	+44,324	+59.62
WESTERN DIVISION.	47,282	26,194	1,094,942	390,883	+704,059	+180.12
Montana	1,964	406	25,512	3,235	+22,277	+688.05
Wyoming	1,831	124	14,460	836	+13,624	+1629.66
Colorado	4,599	1,165	85,035	25,109	+59,926	+239.06
New Mexico	788	631	8,141	5,514	+2,627	+47.64
Arizona	1,297	135	7,222	1,128	+6,094	+541.13
Utah	1,324	656	28,403	14,015	+14,388	+102.80
Nevada	1,661	531	12,339	5,408	+6,931	+128.16
Idaho	1,302	328	17,432	2,833	+14,599	+511.79
Washington	4,179	1,409	83,462	13,844	+69,618	+502.88
Oregon	6,910	4,215	115,819	56,909	+58,910	+103.51
California	21,427	16,594	697,117	262,052	+435,065	+166.02

* Dakota Territory.

It will be seen that in acreage there was a decrease during the period in the North Atlantic Division of 5,242,000 acres; in the South Atlantic Division of 1,262,000 acres—the only States in these two divisions showing an increased acreage being West Virginia, North Carolina, and Florida. Of the other divisions, a decrease is shown in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, and Tennessee, an aggregate in all divisions of 10,295,000 acres, an area greater than that of the States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island combined.

In valuation every State of the North Atlantic Division shows a decrease, the aggregate being $264,242,000. Outside of this division, Ohio, of all the States, alone shows a decrease in farm valuation. This decrease of acreage and valuation is due mainly to the entire abandonment of a considerable acreage of such lands as are no longer profitable for cultivation, and a decrease in the value of the lands still occupied for that purpose. It will be noticed that, with a single exception, this shrinkage in farm values is confined to the sections usually known as the New England and Middle States, though a decrease in acreage occurs elsewhere.

In the Eleventh Census a novel feature—one pertaining to real-estate mortgages—was introduced. Congress directed that an inquiry be made through the Census Office concerning the mortgage indebtedness in the entire country in 1890, its amount, for what purpose the debt was incurred, and the rate of interest paid thereon. No such investigation had ever before been attempted by this or any other country on so great a scale. The obstacles to a successful inquiry of this nature were numerous and apparently insurmountable. Yet it was not a hesitating act or a party measure. In the Senate but two or three votes were recorded against it; in the House, less than twenty-five. The demand for the inquiry came from more than 600 boards of trade, located in all parts of the country, and from the money-lenders of the East, as well as the borrowers of the West.

For five years the outcry in the latter section, especially in the State of Kansas, had been made against the Eastern capitalists, whom, it was alleged, had loaned their money at exorbitant rates to the Western farmers, upon whose lands they took security mortgages, the interest on which was impoverishing the farm-owners, and bringing bankruptcy and ruin to the State. The cry seemed a popular one, and got into local politics, becoming a rallying cry for a new party. It extended through several States, and in time wrested the control of the State and local governments from the party which had been long in power, elected Senators and members of Congress whose statesmanship seemed limited to vengeful outbreaks against the Eastern holders of these mortgages. These Congressmen were active in procuring the passage of the bill directing the inquiry concerning these mortgages. Hardly, however, had the bill become a law when the owners of incumbered property throughout the country raised a cry against the provisions, and threatened to resist, even with a shot-gun, if necessary, any agent of the census who should dare to make inquiry into what they regarded as their own private affairs. Preparations for taking the census were then nearly completed, and there was no time for delay if the inquiry was to be made through the census-enumerators.

Not to embarrass these officers unnecessarily, it was decided that all inquiries of this character to be made through them should be restricted to mortgages on farm lands, and where the owner occupied the farm—a tenant presumably not having trustworthy information concerning the incumbrance, if any existed. Even the owner was to be asked only whether or not a mortgage on the premises existed, all information concerning amount, purpose, and rate of interest being left for future inquiry by the Census Office, through the medium of the mail, at a safe distance.

Upon the return of the schedules to the Census Office it was found that about 2,500,000 of owned farms had mortgage incumbrances. To each of the owners of these farms a card of inquiry was addressed, asking for the additional information desired. In making response some owners were incited to poetry, some to vulgarity, others to profanity. Many believed that the government was about to foreclose the mortgages, and they begged for leniency; others thought that the government was about to loan them, at a low rate of interest, some ready-made paper money with which to pay off the existing incumbrance, and, perhaps, an additional sum for general purposes, and such owners were running over with information. In the main, however, the replies were satisfactory, and the results of their tabulation have been published in a series of about fifty bulletins.

These bulletins show that in 1890 on owned farms valued at $3,054,923,165 there was an existing mortgage debt of $1,085,995,960; that of such mortgaged farm land the incumbrance was from 28 to 50 per cent. of actual value, the rate of interest paid from 5.69 to 12.61 per cent., and that about 75 per cent. of the indebtedness had been incurred for purchase-money, or for making improvements on the mortgaged property. It will be seen that in the aggregate farm lands were mortgaged for about one-thirteenth of their value.

It is believed that the percentage of indebtedness on hired farms would not differ essentially from that of owned farms, and the rates ascertained may therefore be accepted as substantially correct for all farm-land mortgages, and the same may be asserted concerning the rates of interest paid. Taking, then, the average value per acre of farm lands in 1880 as a basis of calculation, the increase or decrease in the average value during the decade in question may be easily ascertained, total and per acre, and the burden arising from the incumbrance for the decade, taken in connection with the increase or decrease in the value of the land for the same period, can be ascertained with approximate exactness.

The interest charge per acre for the decade on the incumbrance, as ascertained, the gain or loss in the value of the acre during the same period, and the net result will be shown in the tables hereafter given.

The first one embraces only those States and Territories in which the gain per acre in the average value of the land for the decade exceeds that of the interest charge at the rates reported for the same period

The great increase in the average value of farm lands in the District of Columbia is due mainly to the proximity of those lands to the rapidly growing city of Washington, and not to any quality of the lands themselves, and it may not, therefore, be considered.

The increase of such value in the States of California, Florida, Washington, Nebraska, and Kansas cannot be attributed to any such influences, and the advantage of the increase must have been mainly shared by the owners of farm lands occupied especially for farm purposes. This increase in value was sufficient in all the above-named States to pay the average interest on the mortgaged farm for the decade, and in the end to pay the principal of the mortgage, leaving the land free of incumbrances and a goodly sum in the pocket of the owner. Especially gratifying must be the result of this investigation to all the citizens of Kansas, for from that State more than others arose the outcry against the burdensome mortgages, the threat of repudiation, and the angry denunciations of the money-lenders of the East, who were alleged to have bankrupted the State for their own unholy gains. The figures show that to the owners of the mortgaged lands, not to the mortgagees, came the lion's share of the profit—the owner getting an unearned increment from the rise in value far exceeding the interest paid to the much-denounced capitalists who made the increment possible.

State or District.	Average value of farm land per acre, 1890.	Incumbrance on a mortgaged acre.	Rate of interest per annum.	Total interest on a mortgaged acre, 1880 to 1890.	Gain in value of farm lands per acre, 1880 to 1890.	
					Total.	Excess over interest on mortgage.
Dist. of Columbia	$200.17	$66.05	6.00	$39.63	$350.79	$311.16
California	15.78	4.75	8.78	4.15	16.75	12.60
Florida	6.15	1.90	10.72	2.03	13.64	11.61
Washington	9.82	2.84	9.87	2.80	10.15	7.35
Nebraska	10.65	3.40	8.22	2.79	7.98	5.19
Kansas	10.98	3.93	8.15	3.21	7.54	4.33
Missouri	13.47	4.31	7.93	3.41	6.86	3.45
Montana	7.97	2.55	10.97	2.79	5.01	2.22
Idaho	8.64	2.59	10.55	2.73	4.82	2.09
Illinois	31.87	11.15	6.92	7.71	9.53	1.82
Dakotas	5.89	2.17	9.50	2.06	3.70	1.64
Georgia	4.29	1.80	8.35	1.49	1.74	.25
South Carolina	5.10	2.55	8.57	2.18	2.41	.23
Wisconsin	23.29	7.68	6.64	5.09	5.15	.06
Minnesota	14.45	4.52	8.18	3.77	3.78	.01

The result of the investigation should restore the financial reputation of this State and others suffering from the needless fear of impoverishment, and the sounding threats of repudiation. Such a restoration would of itself be worth the cost to which the nation has been subjected by the puerile cry of "wolf, wolf," when no such animal was in sight. The remaining States of the table have enjoyed at least a sufficient gain in the value of their respective farm lands during the decade to pay the interest on the mortgages thereon, and should be well satisfied.

The next table embraces those States and Territories enjoying an increase in the value of farm lands during the decade, but not sufficient to pay in full the interest on the mortgage indebtedness for that period. The amount of the increase and of the mortgage interest is shown, and the net burden, with the percentages of such burden of the average value of the farm lands per acre in 1880—the States being arranged in the order of such percentage:

States and Territories.	Average value farm land per acre, 1880.	Incumbrance on a mortgaged acre.	Rate of interest per annum.	Total interest on mortgaged acre, 1880 to 1890.	Average shrinkage in value of land per acre, 1880 to 1890.	Amount of interest less shrinkage, 1880 to 1890.	Per cent. of interest less shrinkage of average value per acre in 1880.
Indiana	$31.10	$9.32	6.89	$6.40	$5.96	$0.44	1.41
Wyoming	6.71	2.44	10.92	2.66	1.19	1.47	2.19
Arkansas	6.15	3.70	9.35	3.45	1.81	1.64	2.66
Mississippi	5.85	3.15	9.79	3.08	1.40	1.68	2.87
Alabama	4.18	1.83	8.91	1.63	1.51	.12	2.88
Oregon	13.50	4.05	9.06	3.66	3.26	.40	2.91
North Carolina	6.07	2.79	7.95	2.22	1.96	.26	4.28
Iowa	23.77	7.84	7.36	5.76	4.35	1.41	5.97
Virginia	10.89	5.22	6.06	3.16	2.43	.73	6.68
West Virginia	13.06	4.17	6.19	2.58	1.65	.93	7.11
Louisiana	7.12	3.13	8.06	2.52	1.82	.70	9.83
Kentucky	13.87	5.54	6.68	3.70	2.30	1.40	10.09
Tennessee	20.00	4.00	6.21	2.48	1.04	1.44	14.40
Delaware	32.74	14.84	5.70	8.65	3.75	4.90	14.48
Maryland	32.32	12.60	5.79	7.73	3.02	4.75	14.72
•New Mexico	8.73	2.95	10.05	2.97	1.60	1.37	15.92
Michigan	36.14	11.56	7.10	8.20	1.47	6.73	18.62
Maine	15.62	5.27	6.26	3.29	.32	2.97	19.08
Pennsylvania	49.29	20.20	5.43	10.96	.92	10.04	20.37
Utah	21.38	5.33	10.13	5.39	.67	5.32	24.71

The increase of value above shown has been sufficient to diminish to a more or less extent the burden of interest, especially in the States having a relatively low percentage, as shown by the final column.

The third table includes the States and Territories which suffered a loss in the average value of farm lands per acre during the decade. The amount of such loss, the amount of mortgage interest, and the two combined are shown; also the percentage of their combined total, of the average value per acre of farm lands in 1880, the States and Territories being arranged according to such percentages:

States and Territories.	Average value farm land per acre, 1880.	Incumbrance on a mortgaged acre.	Rate of interest per annum.	Total amount of interest on mortgaged acre, 1880 to 1890.	Average shrinkage in value of land per acre, 1880 to 1890.	Total interest and shrinkage, 1880 to 1890.	Per cent. of interest and shrinkage of average value per acre in 1880.
Rhode Island	$50.27	$21.61	5.82	$12.47	$3.65	$16.13	22.08
Ohio	45.96	15.62	6.68	10.43	1.00	11.43	24.87
New York	49.41	21.74	5.66	12.30	.33	12.63	25.56
Massachusetts	43.52	18.27	5.58	10.19	.99	11.18	25.69
New Hampshire	20.37	7.74	5.91	4.57	1.25	5.82	25.87
New Jersey	65.15	32.57	5.69	18.53	5.33	23.86	36.67
Connecticut	49.34	20.22	5.57	11.26	7.19	18.85	37.37
Colorado	21.54	6.89	9.23	6.36	2.84	9.20	42.71
Vermont	22.39	9.40	5.88	5.52	4.10	9.62	42.90
Nevada	10.18	3.35	9.63	3.23	2.76	5.99	58.84
Arizona	8.31	3.40	12.61	4.28	2.74	7.02	84.47

In these States and Territories the burden of mortgage indebtedness has pressed with no little weight, supplemented as it has been by a shrinkage in the value of the property mortgaged.

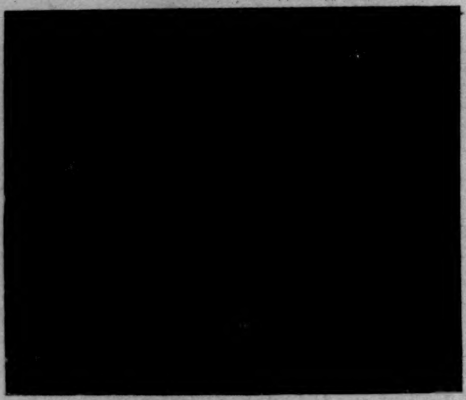
Embraced in this class are all of the New England States except Maine, and of the Middle States New York and New Jersey. Of the Western Division are Colorado, Nevada, and Arizona. Of the States last named it may be said that their interests are largely of a mining character, and the value of their farm lands is largely dependent upon the prosperity of their mines. In each of these States there was a gain in the aggregate value of farm lands during the decade, but at same time the increase in acreage was at a greater ratio, thus relatively reducing the value per acre

(Continued on page 1238.)

LOOKING OFF FROM CÆSAR'S HEAD.

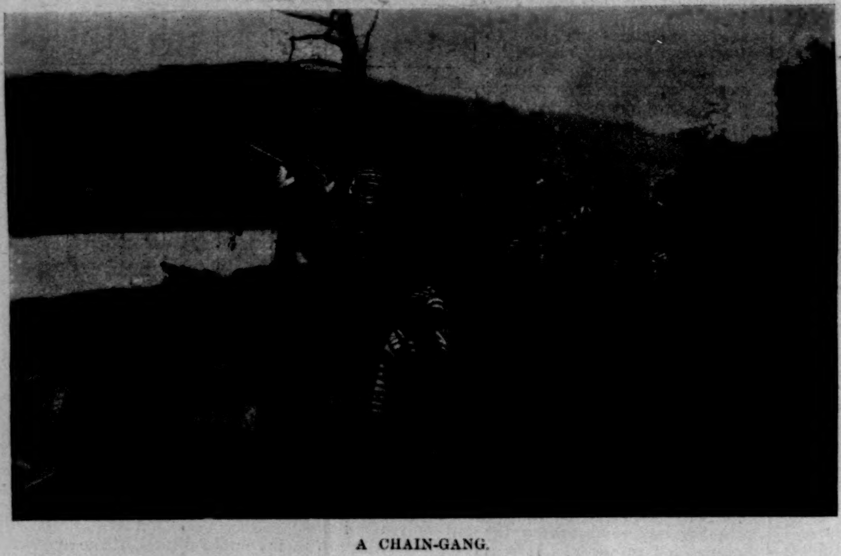
THE BUNGALOW—MR. JOHN BEATTY'S RESIDENCE.

THE FRENCH BROAD, FROM RICHMOND HILL.

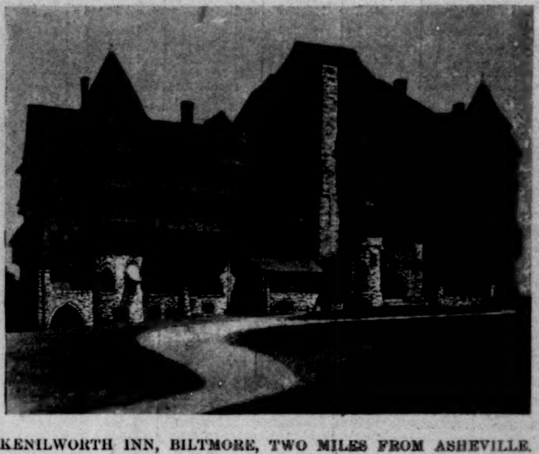


OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

RETURN FROM A DEER-HUNT.

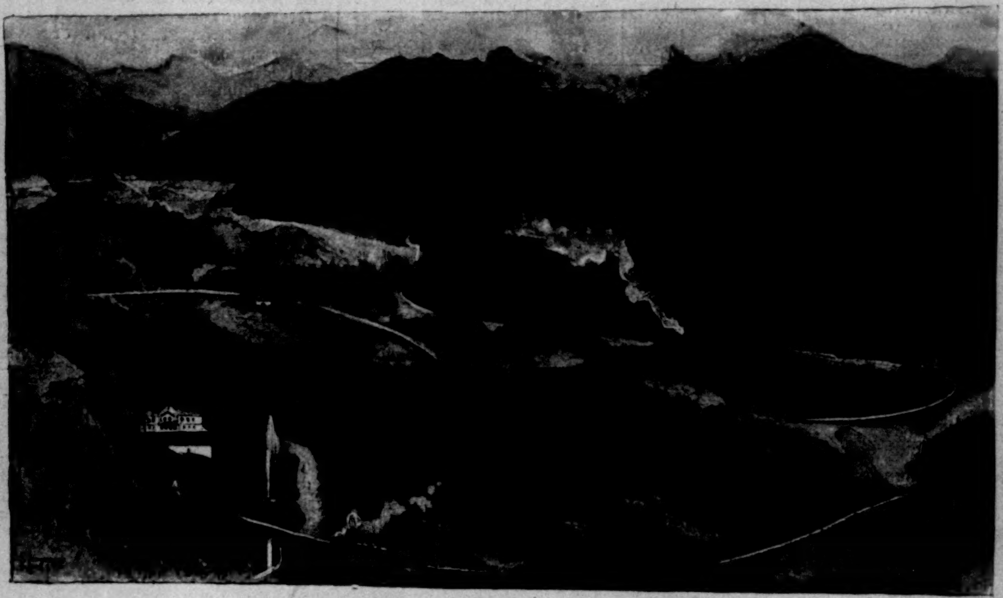


A CHAIN-GANG.



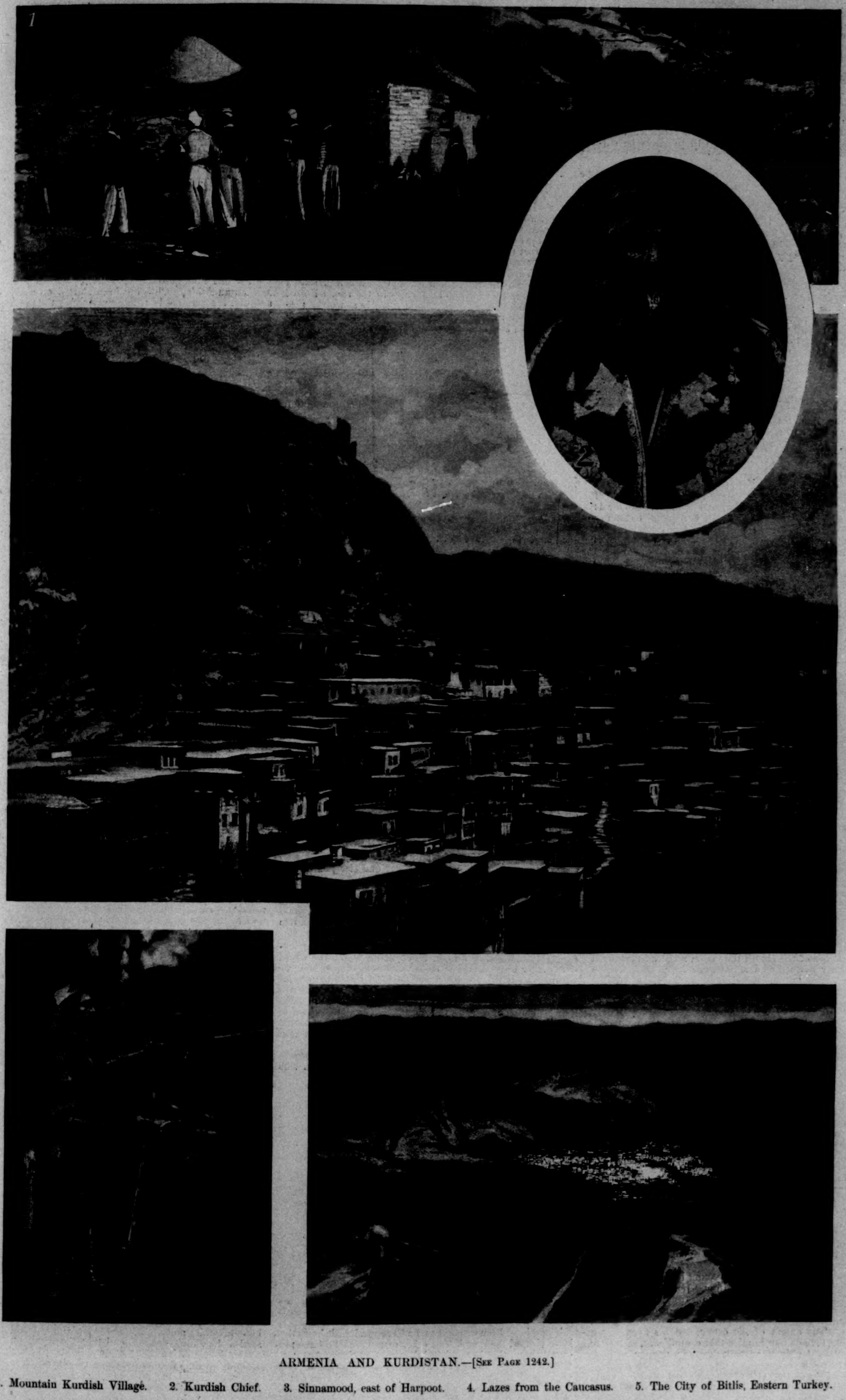
KENILWORTH INN, BILTMORE, TWO MILES FROM ASHEVILLE.

RHODODENDRONS.



ROUND KNOB, SHOWING RAILWAY AT SEVENTEEN DIFFERENT POINTS.

ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA, AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.—[See Page 1238.]



ARMENIA AND KURDISTAN.—[See Page 1242.]

1. Mountain Kurdish Village. 2. Kurdish Chief. 3. Sinnamood, east of Harpoot. 4. Lazes from the Caucasus. 5. The City of Bitlis, Eastern Turkey.

(*Continued from page 1235.*)

in 1890 more than otherwise would have occurred. The inclusion of large amounts of relatively low-priced lands could have no other result. Such inclusion has probably affected more or less the increased value per acre in 1890 of lands in other States, but to what extent it is impossible to determine. The exclusion of relatively low-priced lands also has the effect of increasing the value per acre, as will be seen in the States of Maine and Pennsylvania, which show an increased value per acre, but a decrease in the aggregate.

In this investigation concerning the mortgage indebtedness of the country the government has expended about $1,500,000. The results published will probably be surprising if not gratifying to the sections of country whose clamor prompted the great expenditure. As there has been no investigation of the kind heretofore, there are no figures from which the increase or decrease of such indebtedness can be shown. There is nothing in the results ascertained, however, to suggest even that the presence of these mortgages has on the whole been detrimental to the sections of country in which the incumbrance has been greatest, and in case of an increase in the value of the land incumbered, the debt has seemingly been a blessing to the owner of the mortgaged land.

ASHEVILLE.

Any one who has visited Asheville will have no doubt about its being one of the most beautiful regions in the country. As a health resort it is a worthy rival of Colorado Springs and of Davos, Switzerland. As a locality rich in exuberant charms of nature it must have an appealing force to all who love to see the earth stretch in a dream of beauty beneath a heaven of the purest azure, or else filled with the most poetic fantasies in color and in form that clouds can wear. The ever-varying procession of these ethereal shapes in the upper air makes the resonant appellation of "Land of the Sky," by which this cloister of the mountains is known, seem only a just requisition on the soberest prose.

Asheville's vogue as a hygienic centre is due to the absolute salubrity of its climate. The dry purity of the air is a potent tonic to those in delicate health, and the thermometric range is not very variable. The season proper is from the middle or end of January to the middle or end of April. The rainfall is slight, and excessive temperatures either of heat or of cold are unknown. But although Asheville is chiefly a winter resort, it is also a well-frequented summer one. Southern people predominate, in fact form the bulk of the visitors during the heated term, while the influx is almost entirely from the North during the cooler months of the year. Yet, strange as it may seem to a Northerner who has had no experience of it, the weather during the summer is not as hot in Asheville as it is in New York, for instance, and the nights are cooler beyond compare.

The reason for this is not far to seek. The two great ranges of the Eastern section of the country, the Appalachian and the Blue Ridge, form in western North Carolina a circular wall of towering mountains which enclose a plateau, itself at an altitude of 2350 feet above the sea-level. In this exquisite sanctuary of nature lies Asheville. It is a somewhat somnolent Southern city, within easy radius of which are scores of the most soaring peaks east of the Rockies. Mount Mitchell, the highest of them all, 6717 feet, only surpasses several others by a few hundred feet. It is about thirty miles from Asheville.

The key-note of this superb world of grandly springing mountains is the majestic suavity of it all. Follow the trails to the crests of these breathless altitudes and none will fail to feel their rugged sublimity. But viewed from Asheville they melt away through pearly folds of vapor, and the mighty mountains lie as peacefully beneath the snowy cumulus clouds that press upon them as a drowsy lion who blinks indolently in the sunshine, his powerful frame flaccid with grateful languor. One thinks, perforce, of the Lotus-Eaters' land. For in the summer the earth is a symphony in greens, their varying tints shrouded by this softening veil of atmosphere. Through the heart of this serene sweep of graceful undulations the French Broad lapses with lordly tranquillity. Against the throbbing blue of the sky the dominating form of Mount Pisgah is etherealized till it seems the vaporous substance of a dream. A gentle stillness creeps like a narcotic through the tempered brilliance of the richly colored earth.

In autumn there is the same tender suavity to the gorgeous hues. Gold, russet brown, vivid vermilion, all the sumptuous colors of the mature foliage swim in the voluptuous shimmer of the air till they seem reflections mirrored in the pearly surface of a slumberous lake. But though the veiled hues are a lullaby to the eye, there is nothing enervating in the air. As the winter lacks the sharp sting of the North, so summer and autumn are free from the enervating touch of more tropical latitudes. Nature is only genially flushed with the excellent wine of her own vintage. In this atmosphere of dreamy peace energizing strength steals into the system like a thief at night.

Naturally, with such a character to its scenery, the most recreative pursuits of Asheville are those of the open air. There are scores of enchanting drives in the neighborhood, and those who love to take their exercise or pleasure in the saddle have still more numerous courses. The sojourner in this favored spot of western North Carolina is in the happy impossibility of avoiding a view of wondrous beauty turn he as he may. And even persons whose health does not permit much movement may look from their rooms at the Kenilworth Inn or Battery Park Hotel upon scenes of unwearying loveliness.

The former caravansary is two miles out of Asheville proper, at Biltmore, on the Swannanoa. The great, rambling, picturesque structure stands on a charming knoll. Directly in front of it is George Vanderbilt's estate of Biltmore, with the towering roof of his château plainly visible above the sea of verdure. The view from the southwestern corner of the Kenilworth's front veranda is almost identically that which the young millionaire commands from the windows of his apartment.

Apropos of Biltmore and its young lord, a word or two about the former is *de rigueur* in any remarks about Asheville. That, with the world to choose from, Mr. Vanderbilt should have driven his tent-pole in this region of North Carolina mountains is a pretty compliment to the Asheville neighborhood. The extent of his estate, and his keen, almost passionate, love of nature raise this compliment, as it were, to the cube. As Mr. Vanderbilt devotes a portion of every year to travel, he is something of a connoisseur in attractive portions of the earth. One of the things which every visitor to Asheville does is to go "over to Vanderbilt's." Permission to drive over the finely macadamized "Approach Road," and view such portions of the estate as the public is allowed to inspect, is not hard to obtain.

Biltmore, as the estate is called, from "bilt," meaning mountain, and "more," a suffix denoting plenitude of the thing it qualifies, is a most appropriate name for this North Carolina estate. Briefly, it is a tract of fifteen square miles, and this immense place is being actively developed into a domain of ideal perfection. All that beauty, health, comfort, or fitness demands has been carefully considered, and is being accomplished. With such liberal views and generous expenditure the result will be one of the most beautiful estates in the world, one in which every American can take a certain pride.

The château is a huge structure of dressed Indiana stone, which stands on an artificially constructed plateau hundreds of feet in length. It is about five miles from Asheville court-house. The view from the western windows of the house is unsurpassed even in this region of enchanting outlooks. The soft dreamy beauty of the prospect recalls one of Turner's Italian landscapes. It will probably be a year or more before this stately mansion is finished, furnished, and taken possession of by its owner. The many thousand acres of the estate have been intrusted to Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted that their splendid possibilities may be reduced to the most harmonious *ensemble*.

George Vanderbilt's enormous undertaking reflects very creditably on himself. If men whose wealth is represented by scores of millions are to be factors in the social life of the United States, they cannot better qualify as worthy possessors of such unlimited means than by engaging in projects that will benefit a large number of their less fortunate fellow-beings. A host of laborers is employed in the development of this spacious tract of land. Three or four years have already been devoted to its improvement, and it is impossible to say how many more it will take to produce the large results desired. The millionaire owner of Biltmore is regarded as a public benefactor in that section of the country. This is as it should be. A man who has a mountain in his back yard should try and live up to it.

It is not surprising that Asheville should have forged to the front as a most desirable resort. The social gayeties are those which one expects in a place where pleasure-seekers betake themselves in numbers. Many very charming people have been so subjugated by the Asheville climate and the fair face of nature there that they have become residents. To many in delicate health it is the charmed circle, whose balsamic air, laden with ozone, renders existence still possible. There is every reason to believe that the popularity of Asheville as a resort will steadily increase. For those who go there once it needs no other recommendation.

JOHN J. A'BECKET.

THIS BUSY WORLD

The news of last week was the death of Mr. Stevenson. Sore news it was. Is it too much to say that the bones of the best writer of his day lie buried on a mountain-top in Samoa? If that is too sweeping a eulogy, let the critics dispute it. It will not be modified here.

What a splendid fight our friend has made this last five years and more for our entertainment and the rounding out of his own fame! He has been like a tree tapped at the root, still spreading its branches and opening its leaves to the sun and air, trying through successive seasons to gather life enough from nature to bring its glorious fruit to its maturity. And now the tree has fallen, but its fruit was borne. Not in quantity what it might have been, but still more than respectable in amount, and of an unmatched quality. Here was a man with a genius for expression, and who had learned his business in every good school where it was taught. Story-telling when he took up with it was approaching the condition of a lost art. He leaves it a popular industry once more, practised by a growing band of able craftsmen, to whom he more than any one else has taught their trade.

The greatest story-teller since Walter Scott, but so different from Scott that it is fitter to compare him with Defoe, the most charming essayist since Thackeray, a good poet, a good critic, a great philosopher—and all these titles won with one foot in the grave!

Here was a great writer indeed, and besides that an exceedingly interesting human being, about whom the world will gladly learn as much as any one who knows may be willing to tell it. He left a good deal of the biography of his mind in his essays and poems, where his friends will turn again now to find it. One wishes there were much more of it, but men who die at forty-four have not much leisure to write their autobiographies. Mrs. Stevenson perhaps will tell us something more about him, and especially of that part of his life which she shared and sustained.

"He was buried," says the brief despatch, "on the summit of Pala Mountain, 1300 feet high"—a fit grave for him who wrote

"Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie;
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.
This be the verse you grave for me:
'*Here he lies where he longed to be;*
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.'"

One more word about him let his own lips speak:

"Say not of me that weakly I declined
The labors of my sires and fled the sea,
The towers we founded and the lamps we lit,
To play at home with paper like a child.
But rather say: '*In the afternoon of time*
A strenuous family dusted from its hands
The sand of granite and beholding far
Along the sounding coast its pyramids
And tall memorials catch the dying sun,
Smiled well content, and to this childish task
Around the fire addressed its evening hours.'"

There have been managers who have produced shows that have pleased the people, and other managers who have produced shows that have edified the reverend clergy, but comparatively few managers have been able to please both clergy and the laity by the same exhibitions. One of the rarely fortunate showmen who have done it was the late Mr. Barnum, who never trifled without unicorns and other animals guaranteed to be absolutely Scriptural, and had their pictures made extra large on his show-bills. Another of them, it seems, is Mr. Augustin Daly, and his case is even more notable than Mr. Barnum's, for he has no menagerie, and has had to win the approval of the Church for no less doubtful an institution than a theatre. But he has done it. On the 14th of this month Archbishop Corrigan conferred on Mr. Daly, with proper ceremonies and accompanying addresses, the Lætare Medal of the University of Notre Dame, in recognition, as Father Morrisey, Rector of the university, expressed it, of his success in restoring the best traditions of truth and art to the theatre. The Lætare Medal (Latin, *lætor, lætari*, to rejoice) is conferred annually by the university on some deserving person, if any be found, in very much the same spirit as the golden rose is given by the Pope. Mr. Daly is doubtless proud to possess it, the more so as it was remarked in the presentation speech as a special grace in him that he has never assumed to "elevate the stage," but has simply gone about his business, giving the best plays he could in the best manner, and has let the elevation end of his industry take care of itself.

The public abhors a vacuum almost as cordially as nature does. The sight of the great empty Manhattan Athletic Club building on Madison Avenue has long shocked the thrift of passers-by, and it will please the public, as well as the persons more directly concerned, to learn that a new Manhattan Athletic Club has been started on a new basis, and that the building is once more serving the purposes for which it was built. The new plan makes it a proprietary club, such as London abounds in, but a very large one. It has been organized with some four thousand members, enough, it would seem, to pay the rent and running expenses of even the huge and costly house that shelters it. An advantage a proprietary club has is that it can do some things that an ordinary club would hardly care to undertake. The disadvantage of it is that it is liable to the temptation to do things which ought not to be done. How far the new Manhattan Athletic will succeed in dodging the perils and improving the opportunities of its new condition is one of the things that will be known in due time.

Mr. John T. Morse, Jun., who is to write the biography of Dr. Holmes, is a biographer of experience, who always makes interesting books. His lives of various American statesmen—Franklin, Jefferson, John and John Quincy Adams, and others—are excellent and familiar reading, and his life of Lincoln in the same ("American Statesmen") series is exceptionally successful. The autocrat will fare well at his hands. Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes desires, as the readers of the Weekly have probably read elsewhere, that persons having letters of Dr. Holmes's will send them either to Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., Boston, or to A. P. Watt, Esq., Hastings House, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, to be copied for Mr. Morse's use.

The Christmas number of Mr. Hearst's San Francisco *Examiner* was to have been made and published by a committee of ladies, who were to do the work without any help from the regular staff, sell their paper, and turn over all the proceeds to endow a ward in a children's hospital. The mechanical work was, of course, to be done for them, but for all the reporting and editing the amateur staff was to be responsible. The result when it reaches the East will be viewed with interest. It is a solemn thing for a daily newspaper to devote a whole issue to a joke. But Christmas comes only on rare occasions, and stays but one day then, and the *Examiner* probably feels sure that for once its subscribers will find their money's worth in its Christmas issue.

Everywhere, "conducted by Will Carleton," is a monthly paper published in Brooklyn. In the number for December (Vol. I, No. 4) it reports that subscriptions are pouring in, and that "the first edition of the December issue is ten thousand." *Everywhere* has pictures, stories, paragraphs, poems, departments, editorials, book notices, sermons, obituaries, advertisements—everything pretty much that a paper can have. It is interesting, lively, and handsome, and ought to succeed.

In some pleasant letters to the Weekly it is urged by puzzled correspondents that the picture of "The Holy Family" on the first page of the Christmas paper is so very much up to date that they can't understand it at all. The Madonna is surrounded by eager worshippers who come apparently from the poorer classes of to-day, and our interlocutors feel that something is wrong in this conception of a historical group. Their amazement is not surprising, for the secularization of sacred art has been slower in America than abroad. Yet there have been enough pictures like Mr. Mora's shown in this country to prepare the way for his realism. Uhde from Germany and Béraud from France were both represented in the great exhibition at Chicago, and they, with other painters, including an American, George Hitchcock, have for some years been treating Biblical scenes in a purely realistic way. Uhde brings the Man of Sorrows down into the hut of a German peasant. Béraud erects the cross of Calvary on the heights of Montmartre, and groups at its base the fashionables and *ouvriers* of Parisian streets. The painter of "The Holy Family" in the Christmas Weekly meant in his modern figures to enforce the lesson that the Christ-Child and His mother are essentially modern ideals, and that they can be depicted as sharing in our daily life without any detriment to their holiness and immortality. The modern realistic painters of religious themes, men like Béraud, Uhde, Munkacsy, and so on, aim at symbolizing a sacred idea in such forms that the least esoteric of observers shall feel at once the truth of their interpretation. The Madonna and her Son are not in their minds vague and shadowy conceptions, but beings of flesh and blood, who lived and died as man must live and die. There is nothing irreverent in this way of looking at the subject. If the painters of to-day discard the kings or shepherds of ancient art they lose something in picturesqueness, but they gain in bringing their divine personages home to the heart of the spectator.

Word comes from Boston that the slate has gone forever from the public schools of that town. Paper and lead-pencil have taken its place. The *Transcript* thinks that this action settles the slate's destiny, and that the creak of its pencil cannot long survive in the more enlightened districts of the United States. Boston's notions of education, it says, are promptly copied, and wherever the patent desk and normal teacher go, the paper pad will follow and drive the slate before it.

E. S. Martin.

"RETURNING FROM THE PASTURE."—BY GEORGE INNESS.

A MASTER LANDSCAPE PAINTER.

THE LATE GEORGE INNESS.

BY FRANK FOWLER.

WHEN a man of genius passes away there is always an attempt made to define the place he is to fill in the roll of great men gone. The demand of the time usually exacts that this place shall be indicated promptly—that the public shall be enlightened as soon as may be in regard to the force, quality, and range of his accomplishments. With this end in view, if the great man be a sculptor or painter, it is the custom in France to exhibit publicly as complete a group of his collected works as may be available for the purpose, and at as early a moment after his death as is practicable.

I remember well the posthumous exhibition of Millet's drawings, paintings, and pastels in Paris, which proved a revelation to connoisseurs and a kind of liberal education to students of that time. It was held shortly after his death, and set all Paris talking.

We to-day have a similar privilege offered us of distinguishing and estimating one of the foremost landscape-painters of the age, and it seems appropriate that a few words should be written to accompany the excellent examples of the work of the late George Inness here reproduced from canvases soon to be placed on view in New York city, where collections comprising over three hundred of his pictures will be exhibited. This opportunity we may speak of as a privilege, as indeed it is; for here is presented the resultant of a lifetime devoted to the earnest questioning of Nature by a temperament peculiarly fitted to interpret her.

The phases of nature that Mr. Inness often chose to depict are those transient evanescent moments which uplift the mind, thrill us, and then are gone.

The *fin de siècle* school of light has furnished critics with a whole vocabulary of terms with which to label the peculiar dexterity of a painter; but here we have a genius who offers us the richest products of art in which technical elements are properly subservient, and it would be obviously unfair in this instance to over-emphasize qualities which the painter himself seemed to hold as secondary. I do not wish to ignore the very effective methods that Mr. Inness made use of in his art; but I would rather speak at first of a rarer phase of his genius than that of skilful workmanship.

In the face of nature this vehement, intense, and impassioned mentality knew no rest. His *method* was probably the last thing he thought of when painting wind-driven clouds or representing the volume and structure of immemorial oaks. Of close and accurate studies from nature he had doubtless made many; but those I have seen were in no way remarkable if considered from the point of view of his matured works. Inness learned his language patiently, knowing that in the resistless moments of creative passion there must be no stumbling for means of expression. And that this artist experienced resistless moments of creative effort no one who knew him well can deny. There were times when he would suddenly break off a conversation and, without stopping to explain, rush for palette and brushes, much as a writer will sometimes hurriedly seek pen and paper to fix a passing thought. At such moments this sensitive painter would stand like some frightened animal, body quivering and eyes dilating; for he had perhaps caught a glimpse of an eternal truth he feared to lose. Contemporary with the production of so much that is material and realistic in art this is a strange thing to record; for with many painters it seems a question rather of sight than of feeling which they seek to verify. But the sight of Inness was spiritual; it was insight; and its profundity would occasionally startle even himself. Caring little for what things were, if they could but move the soul, this artist sometimes failed to respect a sympathetic response in others which perhaps he himself had excited. And this peculiarity presented certain practical difficulties. For instance, an anecdote is told of his disposing of a picture, and the purchaser on receiving the canvas finding a totally different mood of nature expressed there from that which had attracted him to the work. When the annoyed and disappointed owner ventured to protest against the entire change in the aspect of the picture which he had purchased, the reply was characteristic: "What of it? It is a better one than that you bought." And it was with difficulty that the painter could be persuaded of the reasonableness and equity of the remonstrance.

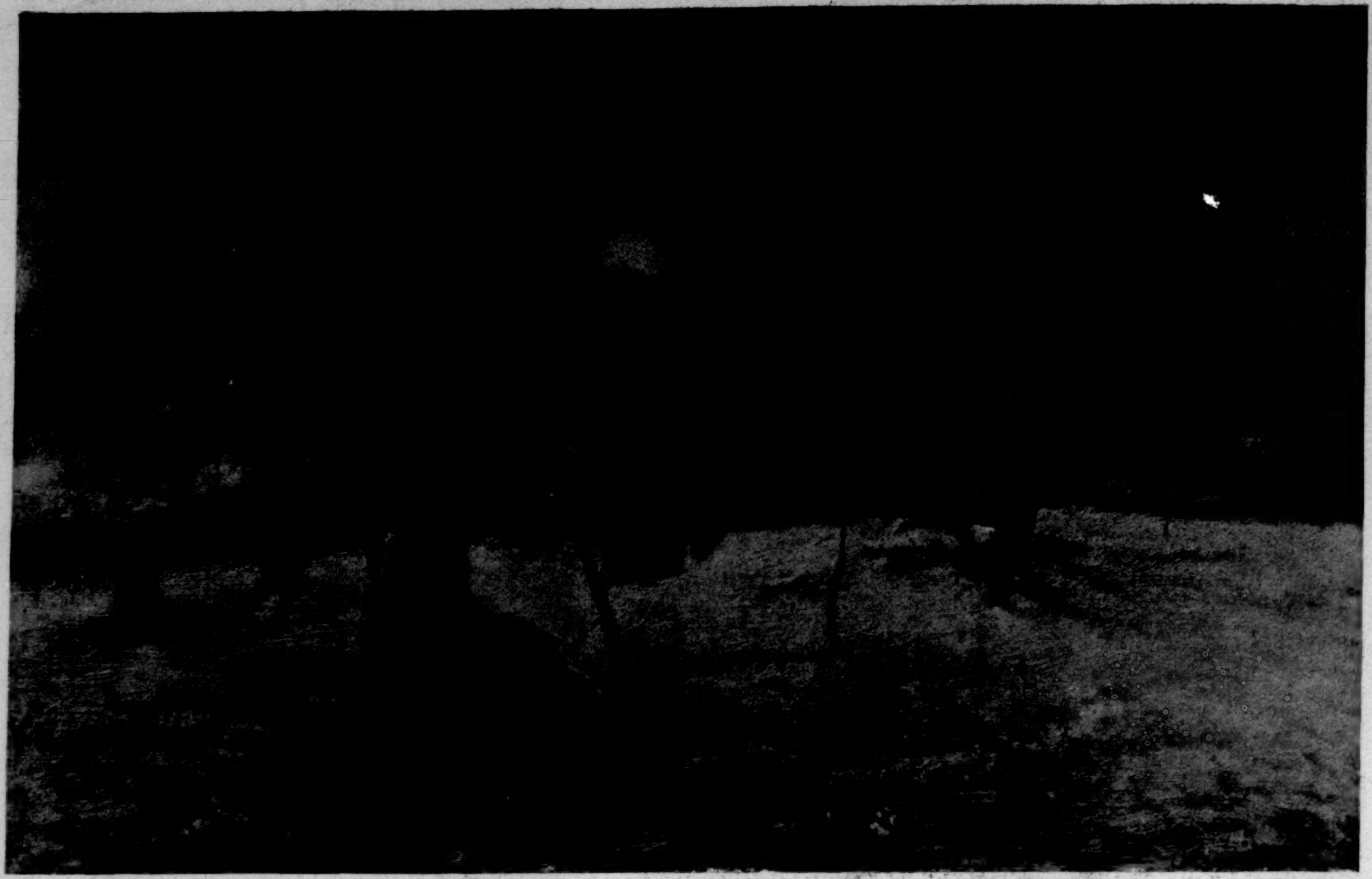
In this search for truth Mr. Inness could never spare himself: where truth led he must follow. And besides the great physical exhaustion incurred through such self-forgetfulness, his exacting spirit placed him often in situations which would have been embarrassing to a man of lesser gifts, but which were somehow excused or forgiven in him; as, for example, this peculiar practice of changing the whole scheme of a picture after it had been accepted as finished by a satisfied purchaser—an occurrence, I fancy, by no means rare with him. Although temporarily disappointed, it is more than probable that leniency on the part of the owner was repaid by the possession of a superior example of the artist's work.

I well remember seeing in Mr. Inness's studio, one day, a charming painting entitled "Dawn," which some days later I was surprised to find had been transformed into a most subtle and beautiful representation of *Sunset:* a mysterious and vague close of day was here, which probably fitted more closely the artist's mood than the vaporous conception of early dawn had done. For it was the *temperament* and *character*, so to speak, of an hour or a season that Mr. Inness loved to portray, and he did not depend on length of shadow or color of leaf to accentuate either the moment or the period of time. This spirit is far removed from that of other painters, who furnish us the actual, but fail somehow to touch us. Perhaps it is because these latter give us what we already know and care little for, while Inness supplied us with something which we instinctively *feel* and cherish as of value. He could reveal to us, by hazy atmosphere and tender verdure, the slumbering promise of the spring; by voluminous modelling of rich and growing foliage, the fecundity and fulness of midsummer; by sharp cool skies and almost audible contact of dried grasses and brown leaves, the arrested vitality of autumn; and draw for us the shroud of winter over the stiffened outlines of the forms he knew so well in all the phases of their quickened life. A thrill of pulse, a delightful sense of isolation born of glimpses into the unknown—these emotions form a part of the homage paid to genius; and without seeking it, because he was himself sincere and loved sincerity, this homage Mr. Inness received. In fact, he was always aiming at a larger suggestiveness and greater breadth, and seemed to catch hints of them everywhere; nothing was too slight to render him some service. It was at one period his practice to photograph his painting during different stages of the work; for, as he explained to me, the photograph would be sure to lose emphasis in parts, gaining it in others, and thus suggest a better balance of light and shade than he had perhaps given the picture or had thought of in the preoccupation demanded to secure other qualities. Paintings, too, by inferior men would interest his alert mind for the *possibilities* he could see in them, and looking at an ordinary production he would sometimes wax enthusiastic over what could be made of it if only "this and that" were done to it. It must be confessed, however, that the "this and that," though apparent trifles, generally involved the reconstruction of the whole, and bridged that slight but vital breach between the ridiculous and the sublime. This, indeed, seems to be the prerogative of genius—to do the right thing easily and without thought of superiority, simply because it is the thing to be done, and nothing else.

Enough has perhaps been said to indicate the sources from which this remarkable painter drew his inspiration, and to show how inevitably subjective was his point of view regarding the external aspect of the world. The lesson of his life and work is of special value at this time, when mere fidelity of sight is receiving perhaps more than its rightful share of approbation and success. The assured and even results which are the outcome of a solid technical equipment are among the satisfactory features of our more recent art. In matter of training our best painters leave little to be desired; they have received advice from great living masters abroad, and have not failed to profit by it. Still, in art, as in other fields of modern thought, there is an active movement in the direction of more subjectivity—a tendency to wrest from nature, it may be, those hidden secrets which no perfection of mere reproductive skill will avail to reveal. Inness was fully aware of this; he felt it deeply. Once, I remember, on his leaving an exhibition of pictures where several landscapes by a clever figure-painter were shown, he exclaimed, "It is the shell of a landscape, the outside of things, which this artist has painted"; and his impatience at work of this kind was only a result of a strong apprehension of the old truth that "fools rush in," etc. How could it be otherwise with one who trembled in the presence of the various manifestations of nature, feeling that storm-riven trees or basking meadows possessed a significance far above and beyond that of exterior aspect. In fact, outside of his actual studies it is doubtful if Mr. Inness could content himself with mere external truth. He seemed to feel with great force how petty such satisfactions are. Those who are acquainted with his work only through the medium of black and white must still receive the impression that these pictures do not largely depend for their interest on the locality or portraitlike resemblance to any particular place. Mr. Inness does not only give us a view of Lake George, or the Highlands of the Hudson, but he brings us into the presence of

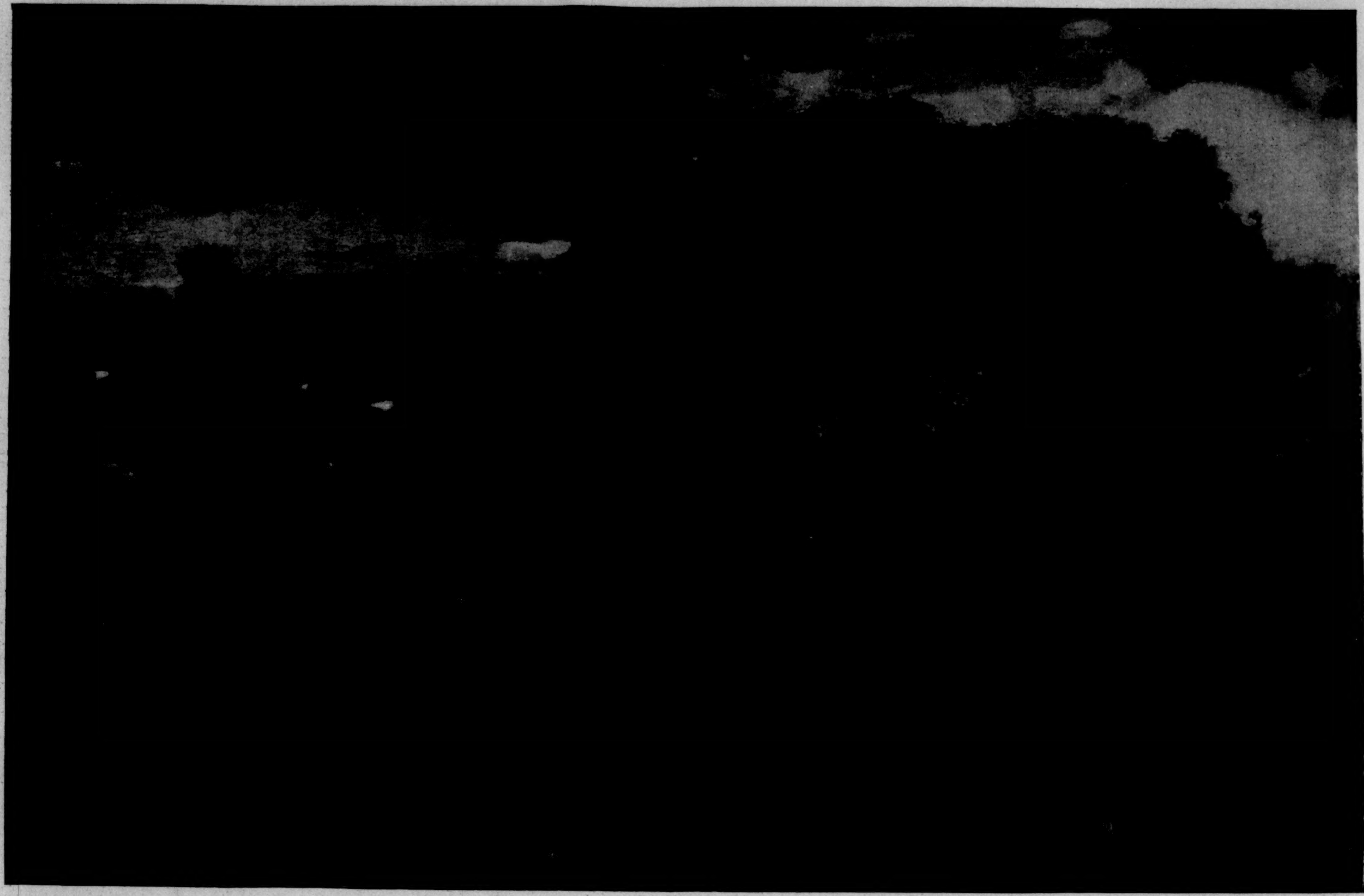
> "The hills
> Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales
> Stretching in pensive quietness between;
> The venerable woods; rivers that move
> In majesty, and the complaining brooks
> That make the meadows green."

Under his hand the sweep of clouds and mass of solemn woodland become generic in type, not individual and local in any sense. It is the Cosmos, the world, not America, Scotland, or France, that he painted—and this feeling made the work massive, plastic, and noble; an air of traditional



"WINTER MORNING, MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY."—By George Inness.

"ON THE COAST OF CORNWALL, ENGLAND."—By George Inness.



"TENAFLY OAKS—AUTUMN."—By George Inness.—The Property of Mr. Richard H. Halsted.

dignity hovers over the scene he depicts which somehow removes it at all times from the immediate present, and its claim for admiration is made on that part of our nature only which is large and thoughtful.

I doubt if it is quite yet within the range of the general American temperament to take so synthetic a view of landscape as that which George Inness loved to portray; but from the stand-point of art, and of those who love it truly, it is a matter of great satisfaction that we have had a genius who could train the not always tractable features of our country into the line of high æsthetic expression. This is indeed but another proof that with genius all things are possible.

The landscape of the Old World seems in many instances made specially for the painter's use; broad and simple effects may be had for the looking; and it is a frequent complaint of the tyro in art, fresh from foreign schools, that we have no paintable landscape. There might appear to be some reason for this reproach, when we call to mind our umbrageous midsummers hiding every hint of anatomy in the trees; or our mottled autumns, not dignified and brown and sere. But even out of these, with judgment and choice for guides, our painters may make much. This master painter has at least shown the way, and I have never heard from him a word that suggested any lack of artistic material in our thus superficially berated seasons of the year. For him all seasons were full of meaning, and he would eagerly seize and make use of any phase of nature that might best express his thought.

It may be as well here to remark the fact that this progressive man, for he was always that, was perhaps among the earliest to apply certain principles of the new school of impressionism to his work, in the sense of painting the effect that nature made upon the mental rather than the physical retina. This practice is now common abroad, where many painters walk the fields with open minds as observers —scrutinizers, if you will—but who lay hand to brush only in the seclusion of their studios. These have passed the period when they were "seeing-machines," recording faithfully the juxtaposition of tones as nature presented them to the physical eye. Much study of this latter kind has been done by all these men, Mr. Inness being no exception; but while many did not go beyond such investigation, our painter left so unimaginative a path, and left it early. And it is probably owing to this fact that public recognition was somewhat long in coming to him.

None the less the public is not always at fault in such a case, for this public depends upon its teachers, the artists, for enlightenment; and when for long years artists as a class have set before the layman certain representations of the physical world, saying, "This is truth, and what you should admire; we have studied nature, and this is what she says," it is not surprising that such lessons linger in mind, to the exclusion of other and higher interpretations offered later. For this higher view is at first only the possession of a few most earnest workers who have wrestled to obtain it, and, of course, a ready response and recognition is not always waiting. But the true artist works and waits, and sooner or later gets his reward.

Let us now turn to the technical side of this painter's art. He shows the sure and logical stroke of the master craftsman. Pigment is laid on with a nervous energy at times, and from this may merge into a mystery and confusion of touch that characterizes with equal directness the particular form and texture of any object he would represent. Planes of large and massive modelling tell of the umbrageous depths of oaks, while the shimmering tenuity of the birch is expressed by slighter though quite as effective signs. Where light is forcible Mr. Inness emphasizes it powerfully, and with his brush he reveals, as light does, projection of massed foliage or crooked branch as well as subtler differences of form. It is the touch of a magician; but it is magical only as certain forces of nature seem magical to those whose knowledge is not deep.

And in other qualities as well as that of closely expressed differentiation this artist shows his mastery: he is no less at his ease in the essentials of drawing, as understood by the securing of the typical character of an object.

Mere correctness of contour and readiness of hand are often beside the question when defining the element of drawing in the largest sense. Mr. Inness could envelop forms of foilage, tree trunks and branches, rocks and stones, in that circumambient air which contributes a quality of fulness and substance eminently characteristic of the particular object portrayed, and which mere correctness of outline will not impart. It is almost needless to say that this ready response of hand to the promptings of generous interpretation is a mark of high technical address; and Mr. Inness, although indulging in many vagaries of handling, rarely failed to give the most expressive touch, and bring to a logical conclusion, if one may so express it, his argument for simplicity of form. The way also in which he would employ solid color, or yield to the seductions of scumble and glaze, was interesting, seeming the result of an indifference to everything but the realization of a certain end in view, which must be conjured from the latent resources of his palette. And in the measure that the contemplation of the expert is brought to bear upon this artist's work as time goes on will the range and beauty of these resources be disclosed. It is mysterious indeed that, given the same materials, one painter will call forth living, glowing, vibrating, harmonious tones, and another will produce flat, dull, unresonant hues, lifeless and untrue. We could almost think that the very life-currents of the man had commingled themselves with the tints he made use of. There is nothing sluggish here, and as though his pulse bounded in the excitement of their combination, these colors appear to have gained a vitality that mere pigments alone do not possess.

As with all impetuous geniuses, this artist's glow was not, nor could it be, always at white heat; and there are among his many works certain canvases, despite his habitual high plane, which stand for the superlative of Inness. I feel, however, that his comparative is so valuable, the works representing it betray so lofty an ideal, and suggest such potentialities of thought and knowledge of his craft, that it is invidious to even hint at a higher flight; and yet, in spite of this sustained standard, one is more than surprised at the consummate notes that Mr. Inness occasionally struck. And these notes were not necessarily technical ones; they belonged rather to moments of exaltation surpassing even his habitual attitude towards the physical world, and serve to reveal him for what he really was—a master of style.

Among many other beneficent results, his work has brought us into communion with the splendors of the sky, the loveliness of dawn, the mystery of twilight, the witchery of the moon, and the very secrets of the air. To live in the atmosphere of such works is to have for companionship objects that are stimulating to one's highest feelings, and Mr. Inness's art furnishes such companionship.

KURDS, ARMENIANS, AND TURKS.

BY EDWIN MUNSELL BLISS.

There is a tradition of a king in Persia who was so cruel that the gods, in order to punish him, sent two serpents to take up their abode, one in each shoulder, and prey upon his vitals, which, however, were renewed every day, so that life might not cease. In his torture he bethought himself that other human flesh would answer the same purpose, and issued an order that a levy be made upon the young men of the Persian nobility, and two be furnished each day to the serpents. This went on for a time, when the doomed men conceived the plan of drawing lots, by which one was to be sacrificed and the other should escape, putting in his place a sheep, after the first taste of the serpents was satisfied with the flesh of his comrade. The refugees fled to the inaccessible passes of Mount Demavend, and gathering unto them many who sought refuge from the king's cruelty, in turn took vengeance by pillaging his lands, slaying all who resisted, and carrying away the booty, whether in the form of money, flocks, or women, into the mountains.

Such, according to their own legend, was the origin of the race that has given its name in modern times to an ill-defined section of territory extending from the eastern end of the Black Sea south to the Persian Gulf, and including as picturesque and fertile a country as any on the Western or Eastern Continents. It has grand mountain-peaks—Ararat, Sipan Dagh, the range of the Jelu; deep cavernous valleys, with villages clinging to the steep slopes or burrowing into the rocks; beautiful lakes—Van and Urumiah; innumerable mountain torrents, finding their way in cascades to the Tigris, which has cloven for itself a path through gorges, not equal to the cañons of our Western States, but still grandly beautiful. There were forests in years past, and still in some sections they remain, but for the most part the mountain-sides are bare except in the spring, when the wild flowers spring up in profusion, as if for at least a little while they would hide the nakedness of the land caused by governments that know nothing but oppression. The valleys and plains, with even the rudest methods of cultivation, yield bountiful harvests; the absurdly primitive mining apparatus cannot help large returns from the rich veins of copper and silver, while untold wealth of other minerals lies yet unopened.

The northern portion, for centuries known as Armenia, has always been occupied chiefly by Kurds and Armenians. The Armenians are a thrifty, industrious, moral, and brave people, with a marked race tenacity, which has kept them a unit wherever they have gone. They, however, lack the genius for government, and have been for almost their entire history a subject people. Even in the times of their national independence most of their kings were chieftains who joined them from the Parthians, and who established dynasties Armenian in name rather than in blood. Naturally agriculturists, and thus lovers of peace, they gathered principally in the plains and valleys, leaving the more inaccessible portions of the mountains to the Kurds, who preferred the wilder life of herdsmen and brigands.

Of the origin of the Kurds there is no authentic history, but if we take the legend given above as having at least a flavor of historic accuracy, we shall probably not go far astray. As far back as there is history of the adjoining countries, we find references to the rough uncouth tribes of the mountains, who, as Medes, Parthians, or Karduchi, made it dangerous for caravans, or even bodies of troops, to enter their territory. Later we find tales of single chieftains, as Saladin, who from their castles extended their raids west and east, until the very name of Kurd inspired a terror among the inhabitants of the plains not unlike that which the later Romans felt at the name of Goth or Hun. In truth, they seem to be a congeries of races rather than a distinct race. To an original Aryan stock have been added Turanian, Semitic, and Wendish elements, as conquerors crossed from east or west, or raids into the plains introduced other blood, and helped to make good the losses due to intertribal feuds. The relations between them and the Armenians, as well as the Nestorians and Jacobites, most of whom were driven from the plains by Roman, Turkish, and Persian oppression, have always been hostile. Until the present century all managed to keep on approximately even terms, with the natural result that the constant conflict had its effect upon the character of the milder races, so that, so far as ferocity was concerned, there was often little to choose between the Kurd who had become Moslem and his Christian fellow-villagers. Each was, as a rule, abundantly able to take care of himself. It occasionally happened that Moslem aggressiveness proved the stronger, and in some sections a few Christian villages left the Christian faith to follow the banner of the Prophet. The great mass, however, refused to apostatize, and the occasional defections only stimulated the hostility between the adherents of the two faiths.

This was the condition in the section as far south as Mosul. From the region of Rowandiz and Erbil (Arbela) southward the mountains are less rugged, and the Kurds partake more of the nature of their fellows of the plains. There are also no Christian races to stimulate hostility, and the Arab tribes are too unstable to invite much depredation, besides being strong enough for full self-defence. There are brigand tribes, as the Wends, who migrate between Afghanistan and lower Mesopotamia, live in their saddles, and carry terror wherever they go, but the great mass of the Goran or Zaza and Lur tribes are peaceful in their general character. There is some education among them, and not a few able men who have played quite a prominent part in the Turkish government. Among them were the well-known Said Pasha, not long ago Grand Vizier at Constantinople, the editor of the best Turkish paper at the capital, and others. That they are of the same race as the fierce Kermanj Kurds of the north is evident from their language, but different circumstances have developed many differences in character.

So long as Turkish and Persian rule was comparatively strong, the Kurds (especially in the north) recognized its superiority, and gave Sultan or Shah a sort of feudal allegiance. As, however, Mahmud Sultan was followed by Abdul Medjid, and Ali Shah by Nasr ed Din, they recognized the weaker hand, and looked longingly to the rich fields of Asia Minor. Little by little, following the ranges of the Taurus and the Anti-Taurus, they spread out, until to-day they are to be found contesting with the Xeibecks the right to pillage ancient Lydia. They became more aggressive, too, towards their Christian neighbors; and Armenians and Nestorians in the north, Jacobites and Nestorians in the south, were more than ever the victims of organized pillage and outrage. They grew bolder with immunity, and spared no one, not even the Moslem Turks. When their lawlessness attracted the attention of Europe, and became too flagrant for even the Turkish government to allow it to pass unnoticed, an effort was made to suppress them, but it only partially succeeded. In 1856, in the Crimean war, they first came into contact with Western weapons and modes of warfare, and proved apt pupils. The heroic defence of Kars became the theme of story that stirred many a Kurdish chief in his castle. Twenty years later Russia and Turkey again measured strength in the same region. From as far south as Rowandiz the Kurdish horsemen gathered to get what they could from either side. They hovered over the outskirts of both armies, came down upon the battle-fields and pillaged Turk and Russian with strict impartiality. The booty, in the shape of accoutrements of all kinds, was carried far and wide. Two years later, in the vicinity of Erbil, I was asked by a Kurdish Sheikh to read the inscription on a magnificent pistol. I read, "Providence Tool Company, Providence, R. I."

Meanwhile the Armenians, encouraged by the success of the Bulgarians, began to besiege Europe with their claim for autonomy, and poured their stories of atrocities into the ears of the ambassadors who were arranging the Berlin Treaty. Every one believed the stories, and there was a general feeling that some protection must be secured for those of the same faith as the nations that guaranteed Turkish independence. Autonomy was impossible, chiefly from the fact that in the very country where it was desired the Armenians were not only the minority in numbers, but proportionately inferior in strength, due partly to their long subjection, partly to their general peaceful character and lack of governing ability. Moreover, an autonomous state just then would be a bone of contention which might prove very dangerous. Still, something must be done, and a clause was introduced in which the Turkish government pledged itself to give the Armenians protection and just government. As time passed by, nothing was done. The Turkish government was hard pressed for money, and demanded heavy taxes. There was and is no system of payment of officials from Constantinople, but provincial governors and their subordinates are allowed to collect the taxes, keep their salaries, and remit the rest. The natural result is that they collect all they can, send to Constantinople as little as possible, and keep the rest. There was scarcely the faintest effort to keep the Kurds in check. As was inevitable, the situation grew rapidly worse. Raids from the mountains met with resistance, never in reality more than feeble, but just enough to give color for Turkish favor to the Kurds.

The result of all this was to arouse ambitions that had been latent under the sterner rule of the stronger Sultans and Shahs. The Kurds saw how weak Turkey and Persia were, and began to conceive of a Kurdish kingdom. Their leaders, realizing the incoherence of the mass of their people, sought to gain outside influence. They apparently had no wish to be swallowed up by Russia, and, so far as can be learned, made no advances to the Czar. Their most prominent chief, however, did have visions of a suzerain state acknowledging England's Queen as its supreme ruler, and he sent a special messenger to make inquiries as to whether Victoria would accept his allegiance. Not daunted by his failure in that line, he, a couple of years later, started a rebellion, which proved to be little more than an exaggerated raid, and ended in his being taken to Constantinople as a captive. His escape, in the form of a green dove spreading its wings over the Bosporus, is still a wonder-tale in Turkish nurseries. He was, however, captured again, and has since died in exile.

With this experience of Sheikh Obeidullah all attempts of the Kurds at national independence ceased. Truth to say, however, they have scarcely been necessary, for now came in an element which, always existent, had hitherto been latent. For some time the Moslem world, especially of Arabia and North Africa, had been growing dissatisfied with the Sultan as Caliph. This feeling manifested itself in repeated rebellions in Yemen, in the revolt of Arabi in Egypt, and in the appearance of the Mahdi in the Soudan. The Sultan felt that something must be done to recover his prestige. Under the influence of the palace officials, always at odds with those of the Porte, he decided to institute a regular crusade against his Christian subjects. All sorts of repressive laws were enacted, and enforced by all available means. Schools, churches, newspapers, were subjected to the most rigid censorship and the most irritating restrictions. Agreements with the Christian communities sanctioned by Mohammed II. and all his successors through four centuries were violated. A regular system of proscription was started. Circassians and Lazes from the Caucasus were welcomed to Asia Minor, where they were encouraged to dispossess Armenians and Greeks from their villages. The Kurds were instructed to wipe out the Christians of eastern Turkey, whether Armenian, Nestorian, or Jacobite. It was inevitable that the revolutionary spirit should be aroused. Under the influence of emissaries of the Russian Pan-Slavist Committee, Armenian committees were formed all over Europe, whose avowed object was to stir resistance by every means, and secure such a condition of anarchy as should force Europe to interfere. In perplexity as to what was to be done, the Turkish government did the worst thing possible. It recognized the Kurdish tribesmen as loyal citizens, and enrolled numbers of them in the army as irregulars, armed and officered them, and allowed them to replace the regular troops in their own region, and to serve on occasional guard duty elsewhere. Realizing more than ever their power, they went from bad to worse. Armed with imperial authority, they devastated the country. Complaint against injustice was regarded as opposition to the government, and troops were called upon to suppress rebellion.

Thus we come to the events which have recently filled the civilized world with horror. So far as can yet be learned, the story is very simple. Driven from one village after another, deprived of the use of arms with which to defend themselves, seeing their wives and daughters subjected to the most outrageous insults, called upon to pay taxes which they could not pay, a band of Armenians in the region of Bitlis and Moosh rose against the collectors. There are reports, which may or may not be true, that there were a few—fifteen or twenty—revolutionists; also that they were joined by a band of Kurds who had a grievance against the authorities. The Turkish military governor from Erzingan, one hundred miles distant, with all the force he could command, hastened to the scene. The rebels yielded and surrendered. Then commenced a scene of carnage and outrage. Not only were the men to the number of several thousand cut down without mercy, but hundreds of women were first outraged, and then stabbed to death, while children were impaled with bayonets on their mothers' breasts. Neither homes nor churches were sacred against the ruthless soldiery. It may be that there is exaggeration. It may be that instead of 10,000 there were not more than 4000 who were cut down—by the orders of the very commander who immediately received a decoration from the Sultan for his bravery and loyalty. But if the half or the third part of

what has been told by the Turkish soldiers themselves, is true, it was a scene which rivals the stories of barbarians in Rome and the experiences of Bulgaria.

It is a fitting finale to a century of lawlessness, treachery, and outrage. That it is a finale few if any doubt. It is scarcely possible that the European powers, especially England and Russia, will permit the long continuance of such a menace as the Kurds have shown themselves to be. It is to the weakness of the Turkish government that the present condition is chiefly due. The Kurds, aggressive and brutal as they are, are not a difficult people to govern when the governing hand is firm and strong. There is no such indomitable courage among them as characterized the defence of Schamyl and his Circassians. They are not as brave as the Turkish regulars. All that is needed to restore peace and to bring that beautiful land back to its original prosperity is a steady, just government. Europe can secure that government there just as it has in the Lebanon.

CHINA'S GREATEST DANGER.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

Both the Chinese and the Japanese governments were, from the outset, averse to having their war reported, and both must by this time be satisfied that their original plan of muzzling the press was the wiser one. Either that or the supplying of reports written by diplomatic agents of each government would have left them both in better odor than the news of torturing on one side and massacring on the other has left them. While I was in Yokohama, on my outward journey, I got a queer explanation of why the correspondents of Christendom were waiting week after week in Tokyo, with desperate patience, for some sort of permission or privilege to do their dangerous work. It was a well-informed Japanese who explained the cool reception that the correspondents met with. He asserted that while progress had benefited the higher classes of the Japanese, the great mass saw in it only a source of burdensome taxes, coupled with the surrender to Chinamen and Englishmen of the control of all the profitable commerce of the empire. To avert revolution and to distract popular attention from the home grievances this war was waged on China. The war served its purpose at once and thoroughly. The people became enthusiastic for it, and peasants vied with the nobles in contributing to the war fund and in every expression of patriotism. But while the Japanese were a warlike race, it had to be remembered that they knew nothing of modern war. Their past fights under their feudal lords had been petty by comparison with the contests of modern armies. Therefore, while the outcome of the war was uncertain, the government feared the consequences of allowing the people to learn the dreadful losses of life that might take place in engagements with modern arms. It was possible that thousands, even tens of thousands, of Japanese might be slain in a single battle, and none could foresee the consequences if such losses were reported to a people used only to the petty consequences of hand-to-hand battling. Therefore it was that the Japanese government opposed the free publication of news from the seat of war.

I have often thought of that explanation when reading accounts of the battles that have since taken place. The Japanese accounts of tremendous victories have invariably been accompanied by statements of losses of life that were incredibly small: twenty killed, or ten killed, where ships were riddled and sunk, and forts were taken after desperate fighting. And this has been the case in China also. The news that has been allowed to see the light there has been of opera-bouffe damage to life, even when the accounts frankly acknowledged Chinese defeats.

It is fair to presume that, now that China is practically whipped, and is at her old game of offering to settle with money, the Japanese no longer fear the publication of the truth. The once-tottering government is intensely popular again, and could stand the loss of tens of thousands in battle. The danger of revolution now faces China. The Tartar rule has lasted as long as dynasties are accustomed to endure in China, and the effect of this historic fact on the superstitious minds of the people is as bad for the government as its defeat in this war.

In two months' travel and stay in China I could not pretend to gauge the weight of the talk about revolution in case of China's defeat. There were wise men who expected it, and there were men just as well informed who discounted the rumors with the statement that the revolutionists have no great leader, and, worse yet, have no worthy candidate to succeed the present Emperor. Of course all the theories of an impending uprising of the people centre upon the Ko-lao-hwui (pronounced Ko-lo-why) society. To understand that and its aims we must go back to the days when the truest progressive spirit seized China and Japan alike and simultaneously. Japan, as I said in a previous article, was in earnest. She started her reform from her marrow outward. When she was freeing herself from the shackles of barbarism China copied her, or at least took the selfsame steps. But she proved herself as trifling as Japan proved earnest. She never gave authority to the European officers she called to her aid to drill and form her armies. Authority in China means the chance and the right to steal, and I think that is why the Chinese effort at progress was still-born. She did not want any Europeans to steal from her public crib, or even to stand in the way of her own native thieves. But she did worse than to render her foreign tutors useless. She discouraged the young men whom she had sent abroad to school—notably to the United States. She did not ask them to publish their observations abroad; indeed, to this day she has refused to make public the enlightening experiences her ministers and consuls have had in the world at large. Worse still, she humbled the pride of the young scholars from America and Europe by giving them either petty offices or nothing at all.

It is true that some have been able, through money or influence, to rise to considerable elevations, but the majority were made consular officers or telegraph operators or clerks, were even cheated out of their pay, and were allowed to drift back among the masses of the people. The government formed its most active and greatest enemy, the Ko-lao-hwui, out of the "ever-victorious" army that Gordon had led, by disbanding and scattering these valorous soldiers, and abandoning them to such privation and distress that they became the nucleus of a revolutionary society. In this treasonous brotherhood are many of the discomfited young students whose minds were awakened and broadened in other lands, and who have become harsh critics of the government that has refused their service.

I found that a young Chinese gentleman whom I had employed, without suspecting him of anything more revolutionary than a knowledge of English, was one of these traitors. He did not conceal the fact, or ask me to keep silence with regard to it, though it would have been certain death for him to be suspected by the officials. "Our day is coming soon," said he. "The young men who have studied Western civilization, and who could have reformed China, are about to seize their opportunity. We will be in the seats of the present rulers before the consequences of this war have ended. The official life here is rotten to the core. Corruption has eaten into it like a fatal disease. Only men who are blind can walk to the slaughter as our Tartar rulers and their associates of the official Chinese class are doing." He said that even in Manchooria, whence came the conquerors of China, the people are so bled with taxes and so wronged by injustice that the Japanese would find themselves among friends should they traverse that territory on the way to Peking.

It struck me that if the rulers of China are in reality blind to impending disaster, he must have been a singularly sightless individual who made my acquaintance on the next day, at a dinner spread for me by the Chehshien, or local magistrate, of Chinese Shanghai. This man was a high mandarin who had lived in Washington and London, and who spoke English as smoothly as he drank his champagne. "I am not a Chinaman," said he; "I am one of the rulers of these people. I am a Tartar. The Chinese do not like us, but it is good for them that we rule them. It is good for a country to be ruled by foreigners."

What a strange scene that was! Mr. Weldon and I had been entertained at the *yamen*, or palace, of the Tao-tai (Governor). The Chehshien and two other mandarins were there. Fine men they were physically; in beautiful silks, and polite to such a degree, with so much ceremony, that I don't know to what sort of fine gentlemen to compare them. When we had feasted and rose to go, the Chehshien bade us wait. "Please remain," said he, "in order that I may go to my yamen to prepare it for you."

"Ah," said my Tartar friend, "that will give me a chance to take off my official boots, which are very clumsy, and then, in ordinary shoes, I will walk around to the Chehshien's with you." I looked at his boots, and they proved high, flaring-topped, heavy woollen shoes, built upon soles nearly an inch thick. The gentlemen retired, leaving us at the dining-table, under the scrutiny of all the runners, heelers, loafers, and vagabonds who hang upon the mandarin for favors. Since there can be no secrecy in China without guilt, it is the invariable custom for all the servants and dependents to gape and listen at their master's doors and windows whenever he entertains or holds court. Those who have visited Li Hung Chang report the same idle curiosity pressing upon him at the portals of his audience-chamber.

In time we went to the Chehshien's. Followed by a mob of idle folk, we and they pressed into the judge's ramshackle, rickety palace. We saw the prisoners penned in open wooden-barred cages, and others packed in bare wooden cells. We saw the tax-collectors at their accounts in the first of the inner houses, the idlers and runners lounging in the inner courts, the row of Sedan chairs standing, like cabs, in the trial-room beside the judge's desk, and its vaseful of the sticks that he throws down to declare to the bambooer the number of strokes that a prisoner is to receive, but may not know before he gets them. Thus we passed house after house, each opening on a court, until we came to the reception-hall, and, lo! there was a table spread with a white cloth, decked with flowers and sprays of tiny green leaves, as we use smilax at home. There were champagne glasses on it, and, more wonderful, knives and forks. To reach the hall we passed through two great doors, of which the Tartar said, "These are opened only to equals and superiors; others must pass around them." I was led to the dais or throne at the head of the room, and made to sit there, most ridiculously, for I did not know what to do with my legs and feet. They stuck straight out, as if I was a baby in an arm-chair. I was credited as a literary man. Since that indicates a lien upon official life in China, I was taken for a Yankee grandee.

After they had examined my stiff linen collar and my cuffs, which I took off and handed around, to the delight of the crowd at the windows and doors, the Chehshien begged me to let him see the "button of my rank." He was astonished to hear that we have no such insignia in America, and amazed at learning that even the President dresses like every one else. "Surely he wears a colored badge like this?" he asked, pointing to the embroidered medallion or "waist-coat" sewed on his coat.

But what interested him most of all was to hear my account of the news of the war. He seemed to know only in a vague way that China was getting worsted in the war, and he hungered for the facts, and my reasons for them. I dwelt upon the Chinese lack of patriotism, lack of military discipline, and lack of official honesty; but my sober talk was wasted. "What you really think," said the Tartar, "is that we are very cruel and barbarous in our methods of punishment. We must put an end to torture. It is very bad, very much to be deplored." He looked so like a cat, with his thin-lipped smile and little leering eyes, that I was not deeply impressed by his words. Besides, I knew I was in Chinese Shanghai, which has stood for fifty years close beside a modern European city, and yet to-day shows not the faintest reflection of the civilization of the European.

JOKES OF THE NIGHT.

Blessed jokes of my dreams! Your praises I'd sing.
No mirth can compare to the mirth that you bring.
I've read London *Punch* from beginning to end,
On all comic papers much money I spend,
But naught that is in them can ever seem bright
Beside the rich jokes that I dream of at night.

How I laugh at those jests of my brain when at rest,
The gladdest and merriest, sweetest and best!
And how, when I wake in the morning and try
To call them to mind, oh how bashful, how shy
They seem, how they scatter and hide out of sight—
Those jokes of my dreamings, those jests of the night!

Take the one that came to me to-day just at dawn:
The Cable Car turns and remarks to the Prawn,
"The Crowbar is seasick; but then what of that,
As long as the Camel won't wear a silk hat?"
I laughed—why, I laughed till my wife had a fright
For fear I'd go wild from that joke of the night.

And they're all much like that one—elusive enough,
Yet full of facetious, hilarious stuff—
Stuff past comprehension, stuff no man dares tell;
For nocturnal jests, e'en told ever so well—
'Tis odd it should be so—are not often bright,
Except to the dreamer who dreams them at night.

John Kendrick Bangs.

THE NEWBERRY LIBRARY.

The four great libraries of Chicago, actual or imminent, are these: the Public Library, whose 200,000 volumes are temporarily quartered in the City Hall, while awaiting the completion of the magnificent new structure which is now building opposite the lower Lake Front; the library of the university, whose 380,000 books and pamphlets (of a value largely problematical) were brought in bulk from Germany some two years since; the Crerar Library, which has lately passed the legal hedge-row that always intervenes for the book-giver in this country between the will and the deed, and which in due course will be handsomely housed on the South Side; and the Newberry Library, which has passed not only the stage of litigation, but also the succeeding stages of administration and of construction, and is finally to be thrown open to the public as a solid actuality within the next few days.

The last-named institution results from the will of Walter L. Newberry, a well-known Chicagoan, whose death took place in 1868. He bequeathed one-half of his entire estate to the founding of a free public library, with the single stipulation that the building should be erected in his own part of the town, the North Side. The amount thus placed at the disposal of the trustees was considerably in excess of $2,000,000.

By the summer of 1887 the legal difficulties were cleared away, and choice was made of a site and a librarian. The head thus selected was Dr. William F. Poole, whose direction of the public libraries of Cincinnati and of Chicago has made his name known to scholars throughout the country. In 1889 Mr. Henry Ives Cobb was selected as the architect of the new structure.

The Newberry Library occupies the north side of Washington Square, a neighborhood of churches, club-houses, and private residences of the best class. It extends from Dearborn Avenue to North Clark Street, (the Fifth Avenue and Sixth Avenue respectively of the quarter), and in its present uncompleted form covers a space sixty by three hundred feet. This section will some day be the south side of a quadrangle enclosing a large central court.

The building is constructed of Connecticut granite, in the style of the Spanish Romanesque—a style whose promising possibilities Mr. Cobb has further shown in the well-known Fisheries Building at Jackson Park. The interior arrangements were largely directed by Dr. Poole himself (whose frank strictures on the Public Library of Boston will be recalled by many); the problem has been treated in a very straightforward and practical fashion, and the result architecturally is such as must always come from the tasteful treatment of acknowledged necessities. Thus there is no central hall with galleries rising tier on tier to present difficulties in heating arrangements, and to create difficulties as regards the preservation of the books themselves. Nor is much space surrendered to the monumental idea of a grand staircase. The stairway is merely adequate, nothing more —a means, not an end—and the usefulness of the modern elevator is frankly acknowledged.

The books of the Newberry are not for circulation, but for reference; the library aims to serve not the general reader, but the scholar, and all the arrangements are made with this end in view. The books are distributed through a series of small rooms, each containing its own class, and in charge of its own attendants. The student in art, in history, in religion, in political economy, thus secures quiet, attention, and easy access to anything his study requires. Crowds are impossible; galleries are tabooed; stepladders are a superfluity. Those who seek a still greater degree of seclusion will find it in a range of small cells which the forethought of the librarian has provided: solitary confinement —with books, pens, and paper—is here an easy possibility.

There are few books on the lower floor; this is occupied by the administration and by a series of public halls. One of these rooms is a museum; another is an auditorium with a seating capacity of five hundred. This last has been arranged with a special view to carrying on university extension work, the Newberry being one of the largest and most active of all the Chicago university "centres." On the same floor is the periodical room, and at the other end of the building the cataloguers find their usefulness acknowledged by accommodations far better in character than those usually provided. A bindery will be established in the basement.

The collection comprises at present 117,000 bound volumes and 46,000 pamphlets. This number is sure to increase with the recent increase in accommodations. Ultimately room will be provided for 4,000,000 volumes. The library is especially strong in history, music, and medicine. The foundation of the musical department was laid in 1888, with the purchase of the entire musical library of Count Pio-Rosso, of Florence. This is composed largely of works by Italian writers on the theory and history of music. It includes both the text and music of Jacopo Peri's *Euridice* (1600), the first opera ever publicly performed. But one other copy is known to exist. This department is regarded as the largest and best in the country; the original purchase list was compiled by Mr. George P. Upton, whose "Standard Operas" and "Standard Oratorios" are widely known.

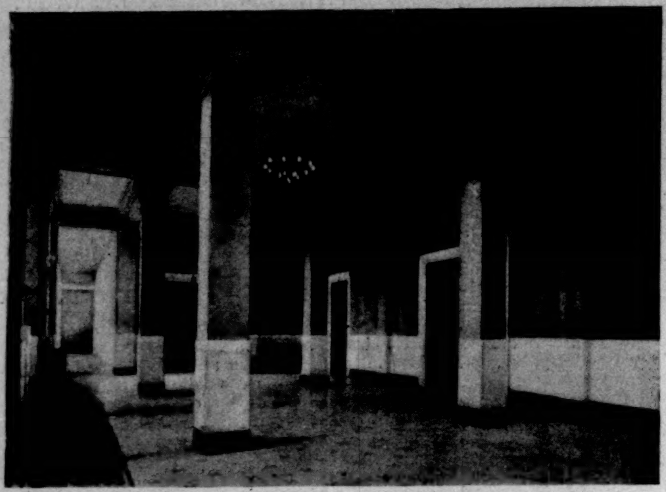
The medical department was formed by the collection of the Medical Library Association of Chicago, added to the entire collection of the Chicago Public Library. Subsequent additions have made this department so complete as to be highly valued and frequently consulted by the medical fraternity.

Among the individual benefactors of the library are G. P. A. Healy, of Paris, who donated a valuable series of his portraits, and Henry Probasco, of Cincinnati, to whom the library is indebted for an interesting collection of busts, autographs, Latin and Spanish manuscripts, early editions of the English Bible, and numerous examples of fine bindings, including two Groliers.

The collection of Bibles is particularly rich. The English examples range from the "Great Bible" of 1539 to the "Xe Bible" of 1611. Of Shakespeare the library has copies of the four early folios; of Homer, the editions beginning with that of Aldus, 1517; of Dante, nine editions, from 1477. There are eight editions of Horace and eleven of Petrarch.

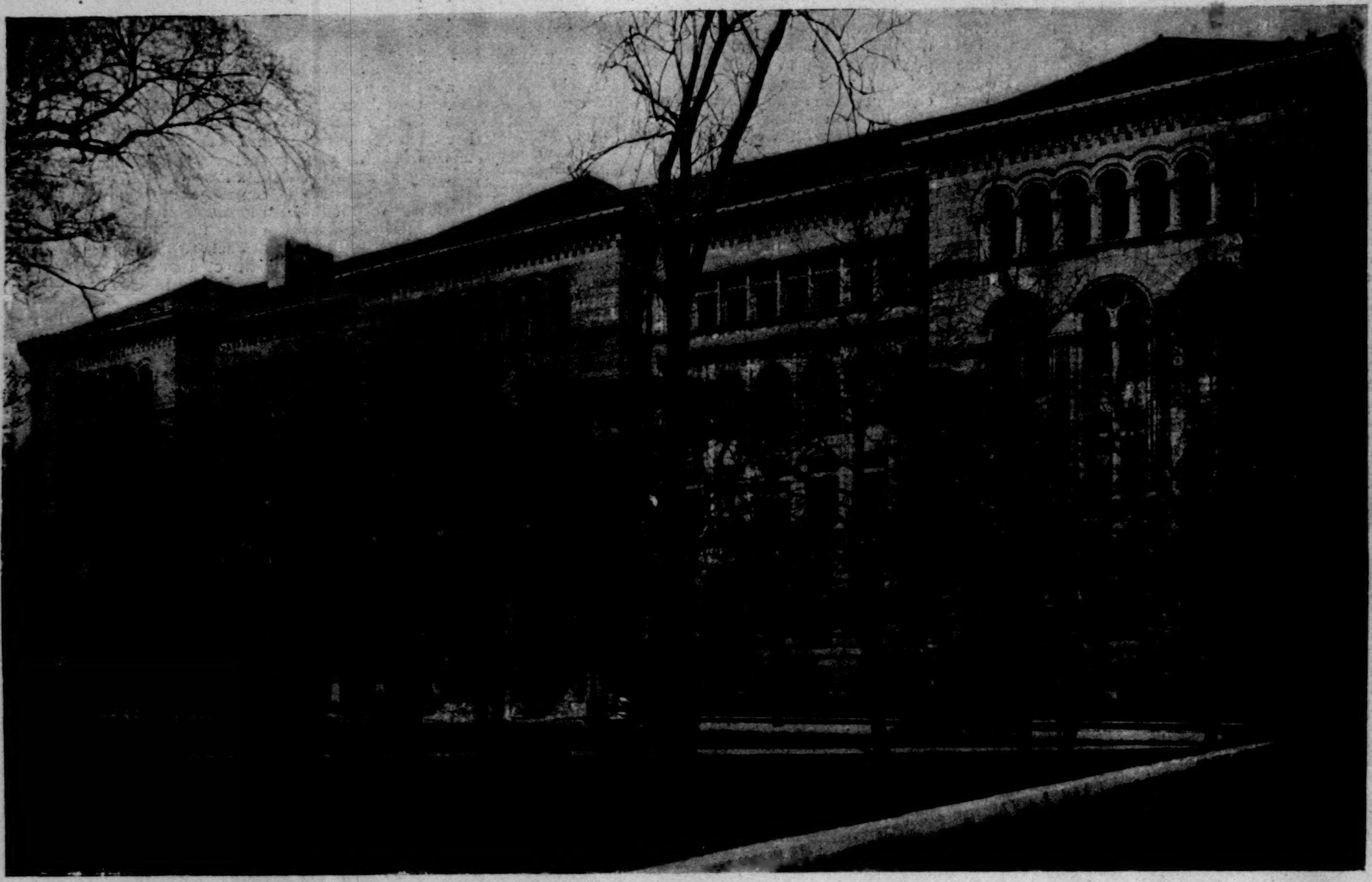
The library is at present without an available catalogue; its place is taken by extremely obliging and capable attendants. Its collections, too, are readily accessible; the methods are of a simplicity and directness characteristically Western; cards, permits, and formalities generally are altogether dispensed with. The institution is thrown open as unrestrictedly as are the city parks themselves. There is a confident belief, in each case, that the people will respect both themselves and their privileges.

Henry B. Fuller.



THE MAIN HALL.

THE MEDICAL REFERENCE LIBRARY.



THE PARK FRONTAGE.

THE STAIRWAY.

THE MAIN ENTRANCE.

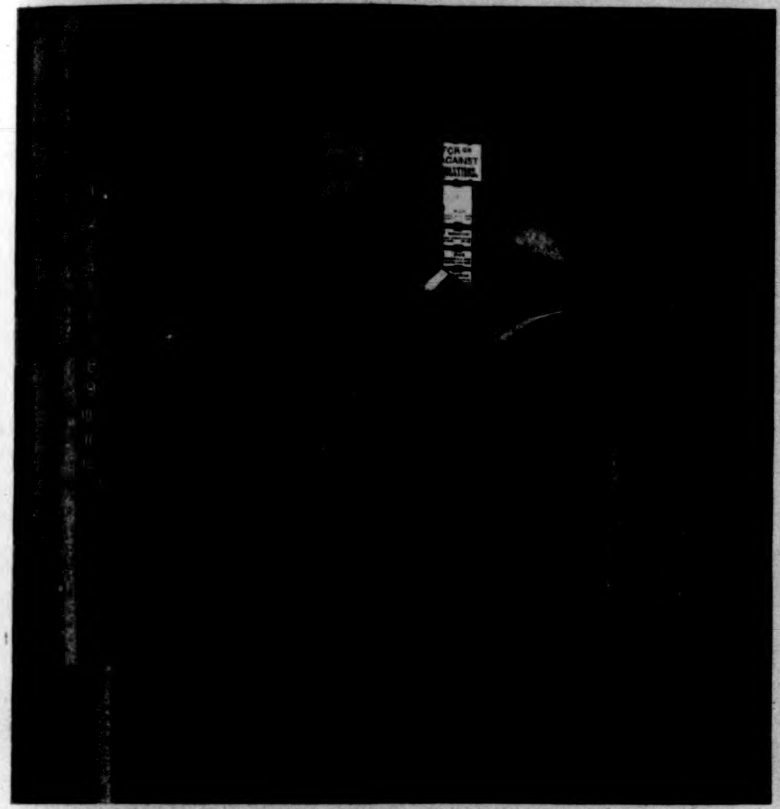
THE NEWBERRY LIBRARY, CHICAGO.—From Photographs by Taylor.—[See Page 1243.]

VOTING BY MACHINERY.

There is no reason to suppose that when voting took place in the court of the Areopagus the ballot was not strictly honest. All the Athenian had to do was to drop a ball, a pebble, or a bean into a box. When candidates were few it never could have been a complicated business. The facts have not come down to us as to whether there were repeaters or tricky inspectors of election special to the heroic period.

What we are painfully conscious about to-day is the difficulty "the intelligent voter" labors under when he presumes to exercise his privileges. In the first place, how "intelligent" is the voter? There are many far above the usual grade of intelligence who are absolutely idiotic when a railroad guide has to be consulted, or even a name to be looked up in a city directory. The personal equation of a peculiar intelligence varies with every individual.

People are supposed to read and understand the special routine laws governing the act of voting. The wording of such enactments may leave an impression on the minds of 25 in the 100 voters, but then 75 have forgotten all about it, providing even they understood it when it was read. But this 75 in the 100 who may have once understood and then forgotten the verbiage of a law as to method of voting is much too large. An expert has declared that in the 100 voters there never is more than 15 persons who have in their minds an accurate idea of the meaning of the law.



RECORDING A VOTE BY PRESSING A KNOB.

Having a bunch of printed tickets in his hand, suppose the voter wishes to cast his ballot within strict party lines. How does he know that the names printed on his many ballots are correctly spelled? If he wishes to exercise the glorious privilege of "splitting," or of "knifing" certain candidates, dropping them entirely or substituting other candidates, then his confusion begins. In a few cases he may have made his selection before going to vote, but the great majority of those exercising the franchise take no such precautions. It is not always possible to obtain the various ballots, but what is more positive is this: that the act of procuring the printed votes of, say, a Republican candidate by a Democrat is often a source of social or personal annoyance. The reasons are manifest to those who understand politics as a business. That main and great idea of secrecy in voting is destroyed. Though the reader of this may not know how it is done, there is no question but that the character of the ballot, whether it be Democratic or Republican, or anything else, is known to some one in the polling-booth as soon as it is seen. Just as the gambler is posted so far as relates to the fifty-two cards in a pack, so do the spies in and around a polling-booth, whether employees or not, know the kind of ticket used.

Take it for granted that "the intelligent voter" has made the exact selection of tickets, and is ready to vote. He has fumbled over his batch of slips or played solitaire in the stall he has been put in. He emerges then, apparently ready to vote. We say "apparently," because he does not vote. There is a proxy who takes his place—a voting somebody else. This alter ego, like the Egyptian double soul, kindly performs the task for him. The go-between may be a very superior person in the thimble-rig line. Is there any original voter who in court would swear that the votes he handed to his proxy were actually deposited each in its proper receptacle?

Then there are the inspectors, and those whose duty it is to count the votes at the conclusion of the polling. Some of them are both honest and capable. Positively, some of them are neither honest nor capable. All the cardinal virtues with accuracy are not obtainable at $6 a day.

A cynical political statistician has said that twenty per cent. of all elections held in the United States were effected by "fraudulent returns." That, even when intentions were honest, there was a constant five per cent. of error. That the larger the vote, with an increasing number of candidates, the greater the errors. That there was rarely a "voting balance account" which was not forced. The conclusion arrived at was that to bring about a wrong count, or a "hitch," was that exact condition the political trickster was striving for. In delay was victory—for the side which massed the rascals.

It is not worth while to dilate on the methods employed by political tricksters to defraud the honest American citizen of his rights. The materials already collected are as voluminous as they are startling. That they should have been carried out so long shows the apathy of "the intelligent voter."

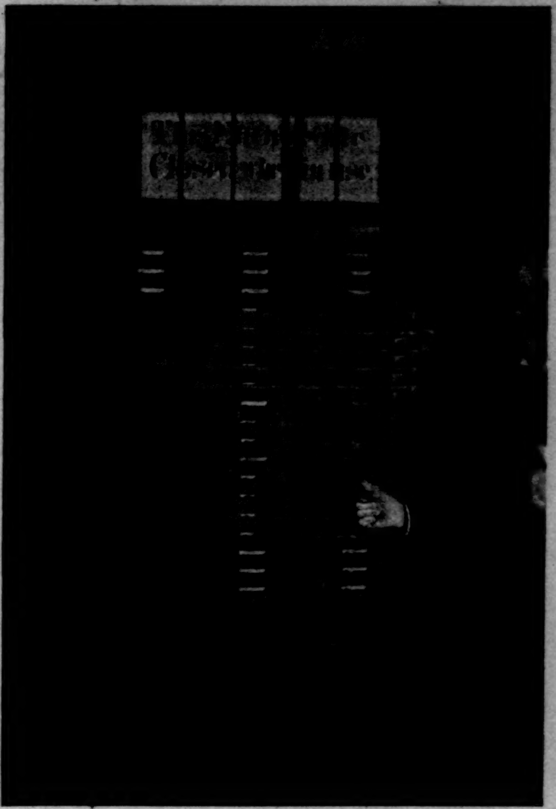
In what has gone before, the ability of the voter to cast his ballot according to his exact intention is questioned. He may try to do it; but, as has been explained, when there are many political parties, with a multiplicity of names, he is prone to make mistakes. If he blunders, the consequences may be more or less serious; but what is exasperating, what leads directly to the undermining of the state, is that his vested power as an elector is filched from him by the green-goods men in politics.

Can the actual business of voting, with the necessary factors of secrecy, accuracy, ease, and speed, be encompassed by a mechanical device? That one element, speed, would mean not alone rapidity in the personal act of voting, but ability to sum up at once the total results of the canvass, to eliminate the vexatious delay in additions, to nullify the blunders of indifferent accountants, and to keep besides the exact tally of all the voters who had entered the polling-booth. Say, for instance, the registration list of a city ward called for exactly 2500 voters, and a dial showed 2501 persons had voted. In a second the fraud would be discoverable.

No one but a man whose pursuit had been the planning of burglar-proof safes for bank vaults and the exact situation for them could have devised the Myers ballot-machine. "If I can keep a bank's securities from thieves," thought an inventor, "why would it not be possible to protect mechanically the voter from rascaldom, and make the process of casting the ballot perfectly plain, simple, and secret?

The Myers ballot-machine is a small steel room with a door of access and of exit. It is easy to get in, to vote, and, after voting, to get out again; but when the voter goes out, and is in the vestibule of the booth, he cannot return to vote if he be a repeater, for then the whole of the voting mechanism, entrance door and all, is locked up. It is only when he emerges entirely that the door of the entrance is open again. Then, too, the voting mechanism is released. The man is seen by those outside to have gone through with his voting, and he must not return. The individual action of opening or closing a door by the voter does the whole business for him.

Before the voter enters the steel booth he has consulted the lists prepared by the proper authorities. That is always done. The journals invariably print them in their regular order, a governor standing at the head of the list, and, say, the game-constable last.

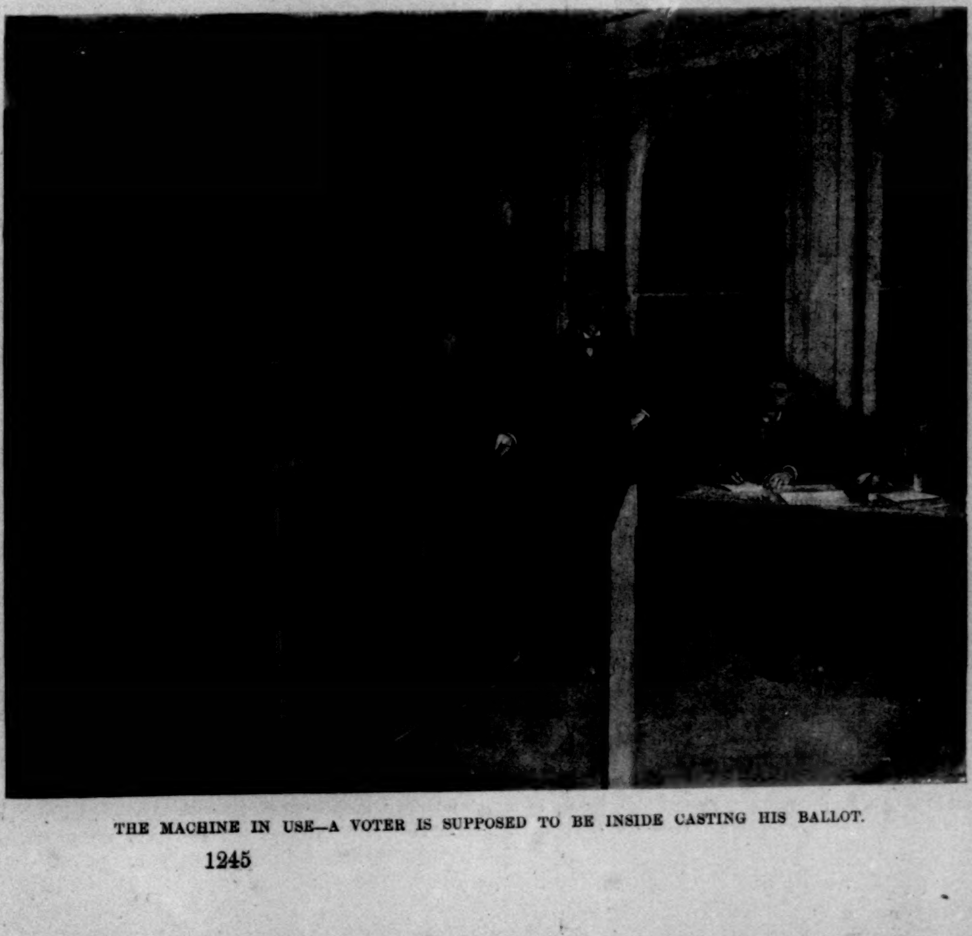


REAR OF THE BALLOT-MACHINE, SHOWING COUNTING AND REGISTERING APPARATUS.

It has been suggested over and over again that for the illiterate certain colors should be adopted. In the ballot-machine colors are adopted. The Democratic list is yellow, the Republican red, the Prohibition blue. If there were other parties, other colors could be used, as white letters on a black ground, or the reverse. Colors are to help the voter, and not the machine.

Say there are but three parties in the political contest, and some general question as to a greater New York is to be discussed with a simple "Yes" or "No." Then there is a fourth element introduced. Having made up his mind what he intends doing, knowing the color of his party, or not knowing it, the voter opens the door of the steel booth and at once has access to the interior. When the door of entrance is closed he is entirely hidden from sight, but the door is not locked. The little room is perfectly well lighted by means of a gas-jet or lamp. The man finds a number of vertical columns with push-knobs projecting three inches from the partition. These are painted the same color as the ballot cards beside them.

To the left of each column of knobs are the names of the candidates, printed in large legible characters, with the office they wish to fill. All the names and the knobs are in a perpendicular line, beginning, say, with a governor, and ending with a constable. This plan, if there be three or six parties in the field, brings all the candidates for the same office on the same horizontal or cross line. Each perpendicular line has on top "Democratic Ticket," "Republican Ticket," or "Labor Ticket." The voter may begin with the No. 1 knob, which notes, say, the Democratic governor's name. He pushes in the knob until it catches, and it remains fixed. He cannot move it out again and vote for that governor twice, or for any other governor. By that act he has done several things he does not know of. He has locked up the governors of the Republican and the Labor party. They are fixed now, and he can push all he pleases and nothing is



THE MACHINE IN USE—A VOTER IS SUPPOSED TO BE INSIDE CASTING HIS BALLOT.

recorded. The same result follows after voting for any one man on any cross line, it makes no matter in which column.

A voter, finding every candidate of his party to his taste, votes the whole Democratic ticket. He pushes in the 12 up-and-down knobs. He has accomplished his task of coming into the booth, voting, and getting out in less than ten seconds. Say, as has happened quite lately, a great many honest people ignore a governor and split their ticket, selecting a candidate from another party. Then the voter would have pushed in the Republican knob of the governor, and the Democratic nominee's name would have been locked. Then he ran down the names of the other Democratic candidates, pushing in the knobs, and maybe was five seconds more in performing the duties of a free man. How is the count kept? On the reverse side of the perforated steel partition, opposite to each of the candidates' names, and in communication with a knob, is a mechanical counter which bears the same name as the knob. Before the polling begins the inspectors arrange every one of these counters or indicators at zero, and then fix to the steel door which covers the recorders their seal.

When the voting is over, the covering is removed, and the register shows the exact number of times a knob has been pushed in or a candidate voted for. In fifteen minutes at the outside, even when thirty-six people are to be separately voted for, with two questions, the affirmative or negative, the numbers indicated by the register can be copied. There is an additional counter, which is always visible, and shows the exact number of people who have voted.

Suppose a blind man has to vote; he knows beforehand his column, whether it be the Democratic, Republican, or Labor ticket. The blind man wants to split his ticket—say he has no confidence in the town-clerk of his party. The blind man has been told by his wife, sister, or mother that the obnoxious town-clerk is the number 3 on his down line. He leaves the knob number 3 untouched, and pushes in a number 3 on another perpendicular line. Such respect as one may have for the illiterate voter is but slight, but he can, however, be readily taught how to vote; always being under tutelage, it is not likely he will blunder. There is no paper ticket and no printing necessary. The machinery is perfectly simple, and not likely to get out of order. Any attempt to tamper with it or to break it up with tools would be at once discovered.

After a man shows by the registration book that he has the right to vote, and he enters the ballot-machine, the functions of inspectors cease. The man must come out when he is through with voting. Being checked off, all that has to be done by the officers present is to prevent his entering the booth a second time. The machine discounts the errors of the voter, the carelessness of the inspectors, and prevents fraud. It seems hard that the purity of an election should depend on an automatic machine. But we must take things as they are.

Actual results accomplished by this machine, not experimental voting, but for candidates holding office to-day under the certification of this apparatus, show its positive availability. Four hundred and sixty-five *bona fide* votes have been polled and counted within two hours, and this year 2167 votes were polled in 9¾ hours. Two hundred and twenty-five votes per hour are quite within the ordinary capabilities of this machine.

B. P.

MADAME VÉRY.

BY EVA WILDER McGLASSON.

THE councilman could hardly believe his eyes when, on glancing up at the Lemar House, he saw that the sign "To Let" no longer gazed palely, like a face glassed in a coffin lid, from the parlor window. It was rented, then—the ruinous old place, with its gray walls, slant roof, little panes, and big chimney!—and in the first gasp of his surprise the councilman wondered confusedly how Madame Véry would like to have tenants in the lower floor.

As usual, Madame Véry sat at the window of her own room, away up under the hoary eaves of the aged structure. And, as usual, she returned with severe dignity the councilman's morning bow. Only the courtly inclination of her small white-ringleted head seemed to-day even more distant than the councilman remembered to have felt it at any other time during his two years' acquaintance with her. He was not of an analytic turn, the councilman; but as his eye wandered past the tall beeches which the surveyors who laid out the Lemar estate in streets and lots had left standing in the slip of yard beside the house, he decided that the coldness of Madame Véry's bearing showed her to be much put about at the prospect of near neighbors.

He felt no resentment, now or ever, at her hauteur. He had, indeed, once spoken of it to his wife, but only because it seemed to him rather odd that an aged lady, living by herself in an old rookery on top of a half-excavated knoll, should venture to use a man of his high position with proud condescension.

"She treats you like she was a sov'ring, does she?" commented the councilman's wife, creaking indignation in her stays. "Well, it makes me right fightin' mad—it does so! A putting on such airs as that, and her no more or less than just a—"

"Ach, du lieber Gott!" cut in the councilman, waving down this outburst with both fat hands. "Do her airs hurt me already? Hein? Well, then. It is for nothing they count, poor soul that she is!"

He could afford to be magnanimous, for he was notably a successful man. From being errand-boy in a butcher shop—red-cheeked, dull-eyed, altogether obscure—he had risen to a height never dreamed of in the wildest visionary reach of his white-aproned days. It was not only that he had got rich; that is much; but to wear political victory in one's crest is more. It dazed him even yet to reflect that he was actually a "city father," entitled to discuss municipal affairs, and vote upon matters of pith and moment. He had never got quite used to the greatness of his position—a greatness thrust upon him by a constituency representing that mighty factor known as the working-man. But in so far as he could, he adjusted his unaccustomed brows to the round of sovereignty. As he plodded down street to his tobacco factory his manner was portentously grave. His eyes, which had once roved amiably abroad, were now fixed austerely on the ground; and his broad shoulders acquired a meditative slouch, as if from such burdens as statesmen wot of. He could afford, indeed, to use the world's baffled many with a charitable hand. But his wife, ruminating long upon Madame Véry's majesty of demeanor toward folk who lived in a fine red-brick house only half a square from the Lemar place, was unable to find any excuse for it.

"Unless it's old age that makes her kind of queer," she said. "She'll never see seventy again, I don't reckon. And come to study on it, there *is* something pitiful in her living all to herself that way."

"She have company now a plenty," said the councilman. "Somebody takes the lower floor." And he related that he had seen a black woman washing the long-shut parlor windows, while men unloaded a van of furniture at the Lemar gate, and a pretty young person with pink country cheeks stood in the door directing operations.

"The law!" said the councilman's wife, faint with amazement. Her surprise that the rooms were rented was not baseless. They were low-ceiled and vast, with green blotches on the plaster and damp blisters in the hangings. They had high mantels and low windows and dark wood-work, and an air of gloom so marked as instantly to oppress any house-hunter who, attracted by the shady yard, came to look at the place.

It was part of the contract between Madame Véry and the real-estate agent who had the house in charge that she should show the rooms to would-be tenants. Not that he ever expected to rent them. The house had been for a long time in litigation, and he had no authority to repair it. He was glad, therefore, to have Madame Véry, herself a relative of the Lemars, live in the old shell as a sort of stay against its utter disintegration. As she paid the merest figment of rent, she could hardly ask him to paint or repair. And if any one came to see the other rooms, she was there to act as his deputy.

Madame Véry's courtesy to these infrequent stragglers was beyond all question. "You will enter?" she would say, folding her shreds of hands under their webby ruffles, and with a smile upon her waxen old lady's face, which had deep eyes, haughtily lifted brows, high-crested nose, apparently covered in stretched yellow satin. "This room," she was wont to pursue, as she opened the first door off the hall, "is most comfortable. You observe the view? Delightful! It was here that James Winston Lemar died, by his own hand, immediately after the taking of Richmond."

If the prospective renter started back at this, aghast, and thinking strange thoughts about a certain dark stain lying like a shadow on the troughlike boards, Madame Véry was in the habit of sighing gently, and adding that though some foolish and irresponsible persons had spread tales of deep groans and cries issuing from the room at the dead of night, she could only say that she had lived for fifteen years in the house, and had heard only such sounds as are common to old houses. "Not always accountable, but not necessarily supernatural," she would add. Then she would point out the largeness of the other rooms, regretting that they were a little damp. And finally, if the visitors lingered, they were likely to be taken to a certain door, and asked to lay an ear upon the panel. "My hearing is less good than formerly," Madame would admit. "I should like to know if you hear anything in the wood." Sometimes the listener would catch a faint ticking sound below his ear. "It is still there, then!" Madame would sigh. "It is a little insect called the death-watch. The ignorant and superstitious believe it predicts disaster and death to all who live under the same roof with it."

Upon this the house-seeker usually took himself off in short order, and never returned. And Madame Véry went on dwelling in solitary state, and rats screamed in the wainscoting, and many-legged black things combed through the mould of the walls, and the death-watch ticked ominously, and all was well.

But on a fateful day in June a Mr. and a Mrs. Foster came to see what sort of rooms went with the beech-shadowed yard. And when they were shown the cheerful room in which James Winston Lemar had accomplished his end they stared a little, and said: "Oh, well! we needn't use it. There are plenty of other rooms." And as Madame Véry, shutting her disdained ghost in with a palsied hand, remarked upon certain sounds, not unlike clanking chains, which had been surmised in the haunted apartment, the Fosters declared nothing could be more interesting.

"The dampness of the house," quavered Madame Véry, "is rather objectionable."

"A rousing fire will dry things out," said Mrs. Foster. "Oh, Ed, what a lovely corner closet! And those trees, they remind me of home. Do you remember the big beech, where you cut a heart with our initials in?" Thereupon Mr. and Mrs. Foster exchanged a glance. They had been married only six months, and it was a very fond glance indeed.

Madame Véry's small observant face drew up with alarm. Were they actually going to take the house, these people? She tottered to the dining-room door.

"My hearing is so bad," she faltered. "Would you oblige me—"

Mrs. Foster set her pink young cheek against the panel.

"Do you hear—"

"M-m! Something like a clock."

"A death-watch!" eagerly panted the other. "Thought by the foolish to predict doom."

"How queer!" smiled Mrs. Foster. "Oh, Ed, let's take it! It's so cheap we can afford to repair it ourselves. And I hate those new green cottages down yonder."

And straightway these unimpressionable young folk went away and rented the house. The windows were opened, and sun and air wandered unabashedly through the dim spaces, and flames roared up the chimney, and paper-hangers came, and everywhere reigned an atmosphere of brown soap and lye and paste and whitewash and elemental good cheer generally.

Aloof in her chamber Madame Véry sat stiff and dismayed. That upper room was at least safe from these light-hearted vandals who had rushed in upon her land of silence and solitude, and who with laughter and merriment bid fair to raze to the ground the very temples where her memories dwelt. For she could not even think while all this clamor of renovation went on below. She had almost given over hope of being able ever to find herself again before the old altars of reverie, when, rather suddenly, everything became quiet, and peace appeared to rule beneath. Then, one day, a foot sounded on the stair; a knock thrilled the unused wood of Madame Véry's door.

"I thought I'd run up and visit with you a little," explained Mrs. Foster, beaming in the threshold. She came in and sat for an hour, and told of her home-down in a village of the blue-grass, of her two brothers, of her courtship, and of her happiness in having married a man so absolutely without faults as Mr. Foster proved to be. And as she talked on and on, a pink and white slip of girlhood, with brown head resting against the ancient back of Madame Véry's rocking-chair, the old woman found herself actually expanding to something which was first tolerant, and then interested, and at last almost affectionate.

"I have greatly enjoyed your conversation," she said, as Mrs. Foster rose. "I have been unpardonable in not coming to inquire of your health. Since my husband died many years ago, and a reversal of fortune caused me to give up our home in the South, I have mingled little with the gay world. Few who see the seclusion of my present life would believe that I was once a votary of fashion, the so greatly admired—pardon that an old woman recalls it—Céleste Marie, of Louisiana." She added, "If you and Mr. Foster will partake of tea with me on Sabbath evening you will give me pleasure indeed."

Mrs. Foster accepted the invitation on the instant. "I'm so glad you're right in the house with us," she cried. "I'm a perfect stranger here, and this city's so near Ohio—only just across the river—that I almost feel as if I were out of Kentucky. Of course I'll get acquainted after a while. My cousin in Stanford has a friend living quite near here. She's written to ask her to call. A Mrs. Jacob Voss."

Madame Véry's face, which had melted to a genial warmth, grew suddenly ashen. "The wife of the councilman of this district," she murmured. "I know—*of* them. It is perhaps foolish that I have the idea of caste. They are honest people, I do not doubt, but not of my class." Lifted to her full height of five feet or so, with a quiver in the very lappet on her white curls, Madame Véry gazed vacantly beyond her visitor.

Mrs. Foster drew an apologetic breath, being deeply impressed with the exclusive pretensions of the majestic little person, whose family tree, framed in weighty ebon, hung over the mantel, contributing to the room's general air of ancestral pomp. There was a canopy of threadbare silk above the cherry bedposts; mended webs of lace shaded the windows; silhouettes of gentlemen in periwigs gloomed from the wall. Several spindle-legged chairs stood about on the dimly crimson medallions of the carpet, whose gray woof was gnawing through the soft pile. On the mantel were queer trinkets of another time—a painted snuff-box, vases glimmering with faint gold and fading roses, a carved box of sweet-smelling wood, and, in a rim of filigree, the ivory portrait of a girl.

"Myself at seventeen—*voilà!*" sighed Madame Véry. Céleste Marie was charming enough, with her sentimental shoulders, her languishing eyes, and bunches of black curls, and lips all smiles and curves and rose-color. But she was infinitely less interesting than Madame Véry, sitting in gracious state at her tea-table, under the glow of two candles lighted in honor of her guests.

She was gay, really gay, that Sabbath night, over her thimbleful of coffee. And as she dispensed the thin cake and jelly and cheese, she recounted instances of by-gone gallantry, of wit which had brightened on lips long since muted with clay, of deeds of heroism, of victims of honor, of beauty and chivalry, and whatever belongs to the wild romantic days of an old, old South. And as she talked, shrugging her shoulders, lifting her brows, pointing her ivory wands of fingers, there flickered about her an atmosphere of dead flowers and antiquated compliment. Rouge, patches, powders, perfumes, high-heeled slippers, fans rioting in loves and roses, petticoats of brocade, panniers of satin, ruffles of lace, lofty combs of shell—all the theatric properties of the stage of the past stirred round Madame Véry in the silvery enchantment of the candles, whose mild light also touched to something arch and joyous and youthful her russet kernel of a face.

But as she rose to attend her visitors to the door all this glamour fell from her like a garment, and she stood at the threshold in her scraps of thin silk and mended lace, a mere shadow of a creature, kept only by the tapers' dying flare from the shores of the phantom world she had evoked.

It befell, on a certain afternoon not long after this, that as Madame Véry and Mrs. Foster sat in the yard under the leafy spread of the beeches, a portly figure came panting up the steps from the gate. This figure was that of a ponderously built lady, who wore a purple silk gown, stiff as buckram. Jet tags depended from her bosom, and jet sprays rose rigidly from her bonnet. These beady things clinked importantly as their wearer laid hold of the garrulous bell of the Lemar house.

"Was that our bell?" asked Mrs. Foster, with her eyes on a bit of lace-work. Madame Véry, facing the garden steps, had grown pale. She bent forward stiffly, and rested a hand on Mrs. Foster's knee.

"My dear," she said, in an unusual kind of tone, "it is Mrs. Voss. I—I said to you once that she and I were of different walks in life. I remember saying it. Yet, if you—if you care to have me, I will go in with you and help to entertain her."

"I wouldn't think of asking you, Madame Véry, knowing your views—"

"I go with you," interrupted Madame Véry, hastily. "It is a pleasure."

Mrs. Voss, having been admitted, creaked down into the parlor rocking-chair and looked round at the freshly hung walls. She seemed a little surprised at Madame Véry's extreme cordiality.

"And your daughter? She is very well?" asked Madame, with flattering concern. "I have observed that she grows up to be beautiful indeed. She has many admirers, doubtless?"

"Well, yes, 'm," admitted Mrs. Voss, with a pleased heave of her rigidly confined bosom. "She's got beaux a plenty, Ellie has. I tell her to go on and have good times while she kin. Red cheeks don't last."

"Ah, she will marry and leave you."

"Well, she ain't in no hurry," smiled Mrs. Voss. "Sometimes I git right put out with her, the way she does. She's all we got, and we ain't anxious to lose her, but I'd like to see her settled. There was young Brinkman—owns one of the finest breweries in Lewisburg—and she just laughed at him. I tell her she'd change her tune if me and her pa was

to drop off sudden. She'd be mighty to herself. We'd leave her comfortable; but, law me, you know how 'tis, Madame Véry. The best of us may come to be old and poor, and brought right down—like you've been—to have to go and—"

"True!" cut in madame sharply. "True! But you were speaking of young Brinkman. His mother was a valued servant of the Lemars. I have heard them say—" She rambled into anecdotes of the family in question, till Mrs. Voss, breathing uneasily in her close bodice, began a prolonged leave-taking.

"Now you just be real friendly," she admonished Mrs. Foster. "Drop in any time, and don't wait for me. And you too, madame. You 'ain't set foot in my house since that night two year ago, when you—"

"I will," cried Madame Véry. "I will be very glad—should our paths cross again."

When the door shut on the rustling silk, the old woman turned to Mrs. Foster.

"You—will be friends with her?" she asked, wishfully.

Mary Foster blushed. "I'm afraid I shall never care much for Mrs. Voss," she said.

Madame Véry, uttering a little cry, clasped the young woman warmly. "*Bon!*" she exclaimed. "She is *canaille!* Of kind heart, but common—common. We will go together to return her visit. And then we drop the association. We are not of her sort. I shield you from such contacts—lovely rose the good God sends to bloom in an old woman's so lonely life!"

A wetness gleamed in Madame Véry's black eyes, and seeing it, Mrs. Foster's vision suddenly clouded, and she kissed the soft whiteness of Madame Véry's hair.

"There!" she whimpered. "I'm very silly; but there are times lately when I miss my mother greatly—when I wish more than ever that she hadn't died when I was little!. . . Yes, Madame Véry. . . . yes! . . . . and I've grown very fond of you. I'm only a plain little woman, not witty or elegant like you. But I want to feel as if we were real kin, as if I belonged to you and had a right to love you." Whereupon the two wept together in a fond and foolish way, and the friendship thus ratified grew daily warmer as the beeches shed their reluctant green and clattered on the old roof with coppery leaves.

The grass in the yard became yellow and wiry; wintry winds blew up, modelling themselves in snow. Bereft of vine and shade, the Lemar house stood outwardly bare and bleak, though its inner cheer was so pronounced that the very death-watch only now and then ventured to lift his prophetic voice. In sight of muslin curtains and soft-coal fires and house plants and bright carpets and pretty cushions, and a happy little person who sang as she sewed, no death-watch, with the most primitive sense of dramatic fitness, could have gone on ticking.

And when the time of Yule came, and when Mrs. Foster hung holly against the old panes and stuck milk-flecked mistletoe behind the picture-frames, then indeed the atom which had so long and hopefully presaged woe in the dining-room door-panel appeared to realize the futility of a death-watch's mission in a world given resolutely over to living. Whether he simply withdrew from a household too light and frivolous for one of his earnest nature, or whether he died of age in a pious conviction of having done what he could to make every one as uncomfortable as possible, Mrs. Foster could not decide. But she laughed as she missed the familiar sound, and taking a great bunch of red berries, she went to tell Madame Véry of the death-watch's defection.

A cold draught struck upon her from the hall. The front door stood ajar, and looking out, she saw Madame Véry at the head of the garden steps addressing some one in the street below. This person, as he said: "Oh—so! I think we make it all right once," seemed to reveal the personality of the councilman.

"I should not speak of it if it could make any real difference," responded Madame Véry, holding her lace lappet from blowing away. "And let it be *black*, please. By all means black."

Meeting Mrs. Foster at the door, Madame Véry appeared as if taken aback. "You—heard?"

"Only a word."

"A matter of business," said Madame Véry, with a look of relief. "*Hé!* Where do you go with those beautiful berries?"

"Up to your room to dress the portrait of Céleste."

"*Mon enfant!*" said Madame Véry, "my dear, dear child!" And after the spiked leaves were set to gleam around the ivory miniature, she went to the carved-wood box and took out a narrow velvet case, in which lay a string of coral beads, faintly pink, and clasped with ancient gold.

"It belonged to my only child, Henri Louis Marie Véry, who died at the age of eighteen months, and reposes in the family tomb in the very heart of my native city. With infinite love I beg you to accept it; not for thyself, sweet one—for a dearer self."

Mrs. Foster kissed the strand as she showed it that night to Mr. Foster. The two young faces mutely regarded each other over the dainty bauble, whose slightness had by all of fifty years outlasted the baby neck it once clasped. How fragile a thing! A finger might snap the cord, a breath scatter the rosy beads, a touch crush the pale filigree of the pretty fastening. Yet here it was, intact and exquisite; and Henri Louis Marie Véry—where was he?

A sob rose in Mary Foster's throat. If the death-watch had only waited for the sound of it he might have died content, for it held in a single syllable a comprehension of motherhood and loss. But he was gone, and the leaping fire and blooming flowers and glancing holly had short shrift for sorrowful utterances. And Mr. Foster also being on hand, the sob had really no show at all. It died in the first gasp, for just then the door-bell clanged volubly forth.

"The Christmas box from Bro' Charles!" cried Mrs. Foster, all smiles again as she tripped into the hall. A lamp burned here on a stand, gilding the slim mahogany baluster and freaking the ceiling with rays of yellow. It cast out a shaft of radiance as Mrs. Foster flung open the door. A flurry of snow whipped in. The air was crisp. Street lamps burned red. People laden with bundles hurried along. A boy bearing a great tuft of balsamic fir whistled as he passed.

All this made a brave background for the heavy figure of the councilman, who stood bowing at the Lemar household, with his collar about his ears and a sprig of something green in his lapel. His gray beard was rimy with snow, and his hat rim seemed as if cast in plaster. As he shook the flakes from his sleeve he said: "Wie gehts? How you all come on?" and set in the hall a basket of goodly size, from the edge of which a turkey's yellow legs clawed. "Madame Véry? She is home, *hein?*" he pursued.

There was a step above. Over the baluster a face looked, and as it looked grew gray and strange. "Ach! there she is!" said Mr. Voss. "I give you Merry Christmas—ain't it, madame? And as I pass by I stop to tell you it been all right about that matter you ask me of already yesterday."

"If you have anything to say to me I beg of you to come up stairs," cried Madame Véry, clutching at the rail and staring down with wide eyes. "Up stairs—"

"My feet makes wet on the carpets," demurred the councilman.

"But it is nothing, Mr. Voss—nothing, I assure you. You will catch cold in that draught—"

"Das macht nichts," said the councilman, with mild firmness. "I come not in. I only stop to say the council makes it all right that you have tea—"

(*Continued on page 1248.*)

AN ASTHMA CURE AT LAST.

EUROPEAN physicians and medical journals report a positive cure for Asthma, in the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial cases of the Kola Compound by mail to all sufferers from Asthma who send name and address on a postal card. A trial costs you nothing.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

THE FOOD EXPOSITION

is an educator for housekeepers. You are not obliged to attend it to appreciate the value of Borden's Peerless Evaporated Cream. Your Grocer can supply you; always ready; uniform results assured. Insist upon having Borden's.—[*Adv.*]

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.
—[*Adv.*]

No Christmas and New-Year's table should be without a bottle of Dr. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS.
—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.
—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Consumption.

The incessant wasting of a consumptive can only be overcome by a powerful concentrated nourishment like Scott's Emulsion. If this wasting is checked and the system is supplied with strength to combat the disease there is hope of recovery.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, does more to cure Consumption than any other known remedy. It is for all Affections of Throat and Lungs, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and Wasting. *Pamphlet free.*
Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50c. and $1.

Smiles are becoming only when the Lips Display Pretty Teeth

The shells of the ocean yield no pearl that can exceed in beauty teeth whitened and cleansed with that incomparable Dentifrice, Fragrant

SOZODONT

which hardens and invigorates the GUMS, purifies and perfumes the BREATH, beautifies and preserves the TEETH, from youth to old age.

By those who have used it it is regarded as an indispensable adjunct of the toilet. It thoroughly removes tartar from the teeth, without injuring the enamel.

Persons afraid to laugh, lest they should disclose the discoloration of their teeth, have only to brush them every day with fragrant

SOZODONT,

in order to remove the blemish. No article for the toilet possesses a greater claim to public confidence, and to few are accorded such a large share of public favor.

Sold by all Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers.

Pears'

Only they who use it know the luxury of it.

Warner & Co's Original Effervescent

Lithia Tablets

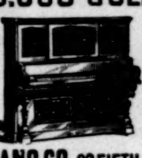
For the correct administration of Lithia, and for making Lithia Water of definite strength.

An elegant, portable and effectual remedy in Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Stone in the Bladder, Etc.

Convenient, efficient and economical.

Can be Had at All Druggists.

EMERSON PIANOS
60,000 SOLD



43 YEARS BEFORE THE PUBLIC.
SWEET TONED.
SOLD ON MERIT.
MODERATE PRICES, TERMS REASONABLE.
Every Instrument Fully Warranted.
Catalogues Free.
EMERSON PIANO CO., 92 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK.
116 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.
218 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

BOILING WATER OR MILK.

MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT.

—:o:—

You can leave Grand Central Station,
the very centre of the city,

For Chicago, St. Louis, and Cincinnati,
in a magnificently equipped train,

Via the New York Central,
The Great Four-Track Trunk Line,

Trains depart from and arrive at
Grand Central Station, New York,

Connecting the East and West,
by the New York Central Lines.

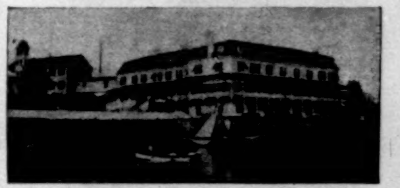
Chicago is only 24 hours away;
Cincinnati, 22; St. Louis, 30.

Eleven through trains each day.
Practically a train every hour, via

"AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILROAD."

—:o:—

BERMUDA
THE IDEAL WINTER RESORT



THE PRINCESS HOTEL
OPEN DEC. TO MAY.
Circular and information obtained at
A. E. OUTERBRIDGE & CO., 39 Broadway, N. Y.
N. S. HOWE, Hamilton, Bermuda.

HYGEIA HOTEL
Old Point Comfort, Va.

Unrivalled as a health and pleasure resort. Air balmy, and full of life-giving ozone. New plumbing throughout, and perfect drainage and other sanitary arrangements. Send for descriptive pamphlet.

F. N. PIKE, Manager.

BOKER'S BITTERS

The oldest and best Specific against all disorders of the Stomach, and an appetizer.
Ask your Grocer, Liquor Dealer, or Druggist.

20th Edition—Postpaid for 25c. (or stamps).
THE HUMAN HAIR
Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy.
By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. A. S., London.
A. N. LONG & CO., 1013 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.
"Every one should read this little book."—*Athenæum.*

HOLIDAY HEADACHES,
SICK STOMACH,
from imprudence in eating and drinking,
Quickly Corrected by **Bromo-Seltzer**

(Continued from page 1247.)

"I implore you—"

"So I tell them—that you implore that they give you tea instead of coffee. They make some trouble at it, because they give never tea to the poor of the city. But I speak like this: 'Here is a lady which the town helps—two dollars a week by grocery order we give her, ain't it? But coffee goes not right with her—so.' And right away they see me how plain I speak, and they nod me the head. And here's your Christmas basket—such we give to all upon our list of—"

He paused in some bewilderment. There was a stifled moan above, and another sound. And gazing up, he saw Madame Véry thrust out her wretched hands and catch at emptiness, and totter and fall upon the floor.

Something all aflutter of blue soft wool and white cheeks and blazing indignant eyes flashed before the councilman's dazed vision.

"Will you kindly go away?" said Mary Foster, thrusting the Christmas basket into his hands. "Take this with you. And tell the—the council to cross off Madame Véry's name. She has friends."

And then the councilman, too amazed to move, saw the blue-clad figure rush up the stairs and lift Madame Véry. And it seemed to him, though he was not sure of anything at all, that a soft, soft voice was murmuring comfort in Madame Véry's ear.

"We who love you—why did you not tell us?"

"You don't despise me, then? Oh, my God! Céleste Marie brought so low as to starve or ask—"

"Hush!" cried Mary Foster, holding the shaking hands close to her own young heart. "You are ours now—ours, Madame Véry—and it is Christmas."

THE LATE ADJUTANT-GENERAL JOSIAH PORTER.
[See Page 1249.]

THE GOLD FEVER.

A SINGULAR fact, which should be of interest to all men who delight in staking their money or their property on the chance of increasing it, is brought out in a recent report from an officer of the diplomatic service stationed at Melbourne, Australia. There is no gambling so fascinating as the search for gold. When thousands of men took their families across the continent during the gold excitement of 1849, few of the adventurers had any practical idea of mining.

By far the greater part of the 'forty-niners settled in the West, or came back to the Eastern States richer only in experience. Many took up the roving life of the professional miner, wandering from camp to camp, making a precarious living, always hoping vainly for that stroke of luck which was to make them wealthy.

Now there is some talk among the miners of California and Nevada of emigrating to Australia, where recently new "finds" of gold have been made; and the news of their plans has reached far-off Melbourne, with the result that our consul-general there has sent to the State Department a letter concerning the conditions which American miners may expect to find if they visit the new gold field. Gold is the chief product of the colony of Victoria, next to wool; and prior to 1876 it was the chief product of that colony without exception. Yet, great as the mining industry was, the official statistics show, according to the consul-general's report, that the value of gold to the working miner has never been greater than $530 in one year; and the minimum production to the working miner was $330 in 1876. Nothing could be plainer than these figures. They mean that for every man who made a fortune there were enough men in poverty to bring the earnings per man below $550 a year.

But this feature of the report of the consul-general is not the one which will fix the attention of the Western miners. Rather will they form their judgment on the paragraph which tells of the discovery of the "Bailey's Reward" mine in August, 1892, of which it is told that "six men working for four weeks, with the use only of the roughest tools, raised 2500 ounces of gold, which is valued at $48,700." To the peripatetic miner, drifting from one field to another as new discoveries are reported, it is never the $530 fortune that looms on the horizon. They see nothing but the bonanza "finds" that make millionaires of the few.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE news of the death of Robert Louis Stevenson in that far-off Pacific isle, removed by half a continent from his native Scotland, gives a sudden shock to all who care for our later literature; and it has left us, I think, with a sense

THE LATE ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

of personal loss, as though he had died with whom we had held delightful intercourse in the past, and with whom we could hope to have many another stimulating talk in the future. This feeling is doubled and far deeper in those of us who had the privilege of knowing Stevenson, even if our acquaintance with him were as slight as mine—and I can treasure the precious memory of but a single long afternoon on the same sofa with him, in the dingy back smoking-room of the Savile Club, one dismal day of a London summer nearly ten years ago. Chiefly we talked of our craft, of the art of story-telling, of the technic of play-making. I remember distinctly his hearty praise of Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn*, and his cordial belief that it was a great book, riper in art and ethically richer than the *Tom Sawyer* of which it is the sequel. I recall the courtesy and the frankness with which he gave me his opinion of a tale of mine he happened to have read recently. Frankness, indeed, was a constant quality of his conversation; and perhaps his spoken word was fresher and freer than his written lines—it could not but be less premeditated. With a very strong individuality, there was no pose in his manner, no affectation, no airs and graces. He looked unlike other men, with his tall thin figure, his long thin face, his nervous thin hands. As one's eyes first fell on him one felt that he was somebody, and not anybody at random. If one had dropped into talk with him by chance in a train or in a doctor's waiting-room, one could not have resisted the impress of his personality. He talked well, although not perhaps with the spontaneous many-sidedness of his friend Fleeming Jenkin (whom he introduced as Cockshot in his own essay on "Talk and Talkers"). He talked well, standing up squarely against the other party to the conversation, holding his own stoutly, expressing his views in straightforward fashion, with no beating about the bush, no questing of epigram, no strain of phrase-making. He talked well, as he wrote well, because he had something to say, and because he had taught himself how best to say it.

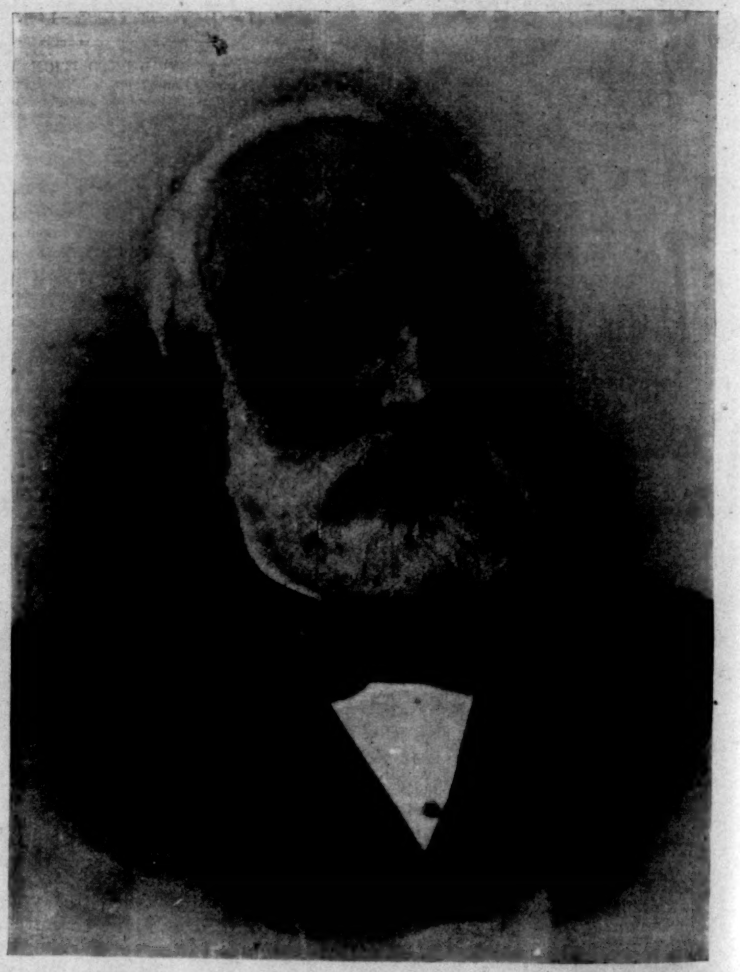
In the writing of the author, as in the talk of the man himself, perhaps the two salient qualities were vigor and variety. The vigor every one has felt who chances to have read a single book of Stevenson's—and who of us, having read any one of them, has not sat himself down to read them all? The variety is equally evident if we look down the long list of his works—and the list is really very long indeed, when we remember that the books on it were written, all of them, by a dying man, who finally departed this life before he was fifty. He was a poet of distinction, although not of high achievement. Although no single one of his poems has been taken home to the hearts of the people of his speech, yet *A Child's Garden of Verses* is as unlike any rhymes of earlier poets as any volume of verse of this last quarter of the nineteenth century. He was a writer of travel sketches, and here again he revealed the same originality; and he was able to describe *Edinburgh*, his boyhood's home, with the same freedom from staleness, the same eschewal of the commonplace, that gave freshness to *Silverado Squatters*; while in *Travels with a Donkey* and *An Inland Voyage* he achieved a detachment of the man from his circumstances unattempted by anybody before, excepting only the author of *Walden*. He was a biographer and a literary critic, and although his life of *Fleeming Jenkin* is the least successful of his works, being marred by a hint of a patronizing manner entirely unbecoming toward a man of the character and accomplishment of "The Flamer," still the task was done in workmanlike fashion; and Stevenson's other sketches of authors in his *Familiar Studies of Men and Books*, and elsewhere, are free from this defect. It is to be noted here that he was one of the rare British critics capable of appreciating Walt Whitman with sanity, while another American, Thoreau, was perhaps almost the strongest of all the influences which moulded him—quite the strongest after Scott. He was an essayist, and among the most piquant and individual of his time, an essayist of the race and lineage of Montaigne, of Lamb, and of Lowell, interested in life as much as in literature, seeing for himself, always inquiring and always acquisitive, having philosophical standards of his own, and using them to measure men and manners, and yet never intolerant, though ever sincere. He was a dramatist, at least one of whose plays, *Deacon Brodie*, was fairly successful in withstanding the touchstone test of the actual theatre; yet it must be admitted that his dramas, written, all of them, in conjunction with Mr. W. E. Henley, have rather the robustious manner of that burly writer than the commingled delicacy and force of Stevenson's other work. And, lastly, he was also a story-teller.

It is as a story-teller that he won his widest triumphs; it is as a story-teller that he is most likely to linger on the shelves of our grandchildren's libraries; it was as a story-teller that he revealed his greatest variety. First and last he tried his hand at four kinds of fiction. In the *New Arabian Nights*, with its sequel, the *Dynamiter*, he revived the tale of fantasy with an inventive ingenuity unequalled certainly since Poe published the *Tales of the Grotesque and the Arabesque*. In the *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, and in *Markheim*, he gave us the strongest stories of introspection and imagination since Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* and *Marble Faun*. In *Kidnapped* and in *David Balfour* and in the *Master of Ballantrae* he presented us with the most vivid and actual of Scotch romances since Scott came home from vacant exile to die at Abbotsford. And in *The Wrecker* and certain of its fellows he tried, not without a large measure of success, to varnish with sheer art the vulgar detective story, and to give a tincture of literature to the tale of crime committed and the secret ferreted out at last. And even now, though it has been easy to show that as a teller of tales Stevenson's versatility has thus four phases, *Treasure Island* has to be left out of the account, simply because it refuses to classify itself with the others, perhaps because it prefers to take its chances with *Robinson Crusoe*.

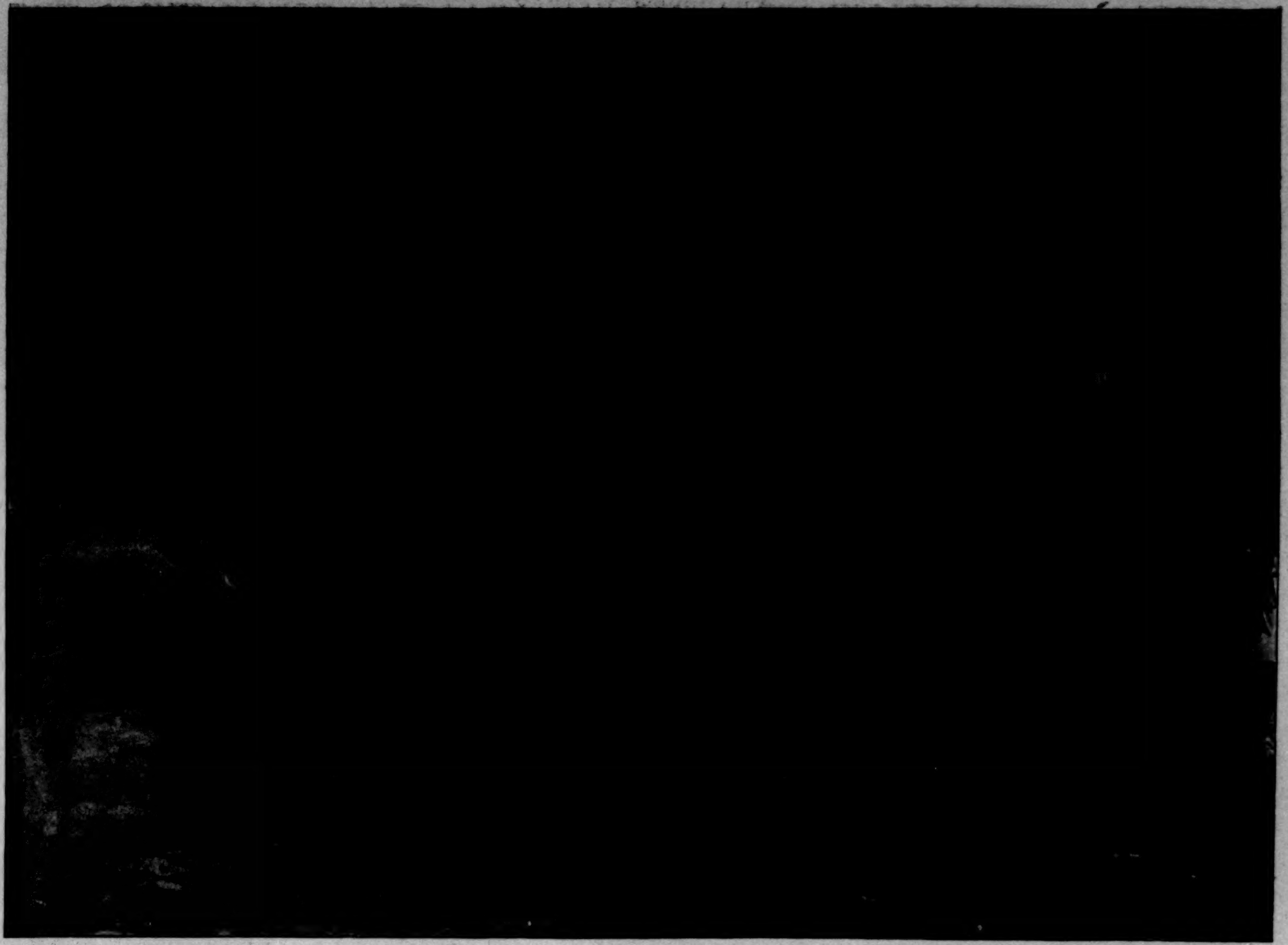
Stevenson had his theory of fiction, and his practice was like his preaching—which is another proof of his originality. In the evolution of the modern novel from the primitive romance, in the progress first from the impossible to the improbable, and then from the probable to the inevitable, he refused to go to the end.

He preferred the improbable to the inevitable. He was a romanticist to the backbone, a reactionary, so those of us think who most relish in literature the essence of actual life. But though he fought for his own hand, and defended his own doctrine stanchly, with characteristic good faith he tried to understand the point of view of those with whom he contended. Himself liking the dramatic novel, as he called it, the bold romance wherein is set forth the strife of passionate character against passionate character, he did not approve of Mr. Henry James's habit of keeping the *scène-à-faire* behind closed doors. Yet in his reply to Mr. James's paper on the "Art of Fiction," a reply which he modestly entitled "A Humble Remonstrance," he combated the views of the author of *Daisy Miller* with the utmost courtesy; and in a postscript to the same paper he dissented from what he called the "narrow convictions" of Mr. Howells; but he seized the occasion to declare the author of *Silas Lapham* to be "a poet, a finished artist, a man in love with the appearance of life, a cunning reader of the mind."

Being a Scotsman, Stevenson was nearer to the American than the Englishman can be, and he had a quicker willingness to understand the American character. As a Scotsman, also, he had keener artistic perceptions than an Englishman is likely to have. He was not only a born story-teller, as Scott was, but he was also a master of the craft, a loving, devoted, untiring student of the art, which Scott was not. He never attained to the mastery of form which Guy de Maupassant derived as a tradition from the French classics; his stories are often straggling. And he had not the relish



THE HON. MACKENZIE BOWELL, THE NEW PREMIER OF CANADA.—[See Page 1250.]



A WARM NEW-YEAR'S AND DISTANT MUSIC—FOUR MILES TO THE BRIDGE.—DRAWN BY P. S. NEWELL.

for fresh technicalities which is one of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's peculiarities. I remember Fleeming Jenkin's telling me how his sons, who had sailed a boat from their earliest youth, were sorely puzzled by the impossible manœuvres of the ship in *Treasure Island*, and how they came to their father despairingly to declare that "this never happened, did it? It couldn't, could it?"

Not only these deficiencies have been dwelt on, but the absence has been pointed out of what is known as the "female interest" in his stories; and it is a fact that almost the only satisfactory and enticing petticoats of Mr. Stevenson's draping are in *David Balfour*. But these defects are as naught against the narrative skill of Stevenson, his unfailing fertility of invention, his firm grasp of character, his insight into the springs of human nature, and, above all, his contagious interest in the tale he is telling.

Whether it is a tale he is telling, or a drama with its swift sharp dialogue, or an essay rambling and ambling skilfully to its unseen end, the style is always the style of a man who has learnt how to make words bend to his bidding. He writes as one to whom the parts of speech must needs obey. He had a picked vocabulary at his command, and he was ever on the watch for the unexpected phrase. He strove incessantly to escape from the hackneyed form of words, the cut-and-dried commonplaces of speech—and no doubt the effort is evident sometimes, although the instances are rare enough. There is at times, it is true, more than a hint of preciousness, but he never fell into the self-consciousness which marred many of the late Mr. Walter Pater's periods. *Prince Otto*, written obviously under the influence of Mr. George Meredith, had more of these aniline patches, as it was also the feeblest of his fictions. "The Open Letter on Father Damien," for example, had a sturdy directness of statement which suggested Walt Whitman again.

The impression of mere dilettante idling which one may get at first from some of the earlier essays is evanescent. As Mr. James put it, much as Stevenson "cares for his phrase, he cares more for life, and for a certain transcendently lovable part of it." And herein Mr. James saw "the respectable, desirable moral." To me, at least, there was no need to seek a moral between the lines, for was not Stevenson a true Scotchman, and could he ever forget the chief end of man? Only a Scotsman could have written the *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, as only a New Englander could have written the *Scarlet Letter*. There is an inheritance from the Covenanters and a memory of the Shorter Catechism in Stevenson's bending and twisting the dark problems of our common humanity to serve as the core of his tales.

It is curious that a writer so independent as Stevenson and so various should have been tempted so often into collaboration; but it is a fact that no man of letters of our time and our language has taken more literary partners. With Mr. W. E. Henley he composed at least four plays, and they are set down rather to Mr. Henley's credit, I think, than to Stevenson's. With Mrs. Stevenson he wrote the *Dynamiter*; and with her son, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, he told three tales, the *Wrong Box*, the *Wrecker*, and the *Ebb-Tide*, in which we find a more open humor than in his other stories. But, as those only know who have themselves collaborated in good faith, it is always impossible to disentangle the contribution of one partner from that of the other, if, indeed, there has been not a mere mechanical mixture, but a true chemical union. Whatever associates Stevenson had now and again, he was the senior partner always, and it was his trade-mark that warranted the goods of the firm.

Long as the list is of the books Stevenson published since *Edinburgh* appeared in 1878, he leaves much of his writing scattered here and there. To say nothing of chance articles in the *Academy* and elsewhere, and of more important papers in the British monthly reviews, including a most interesting essay on "Style," and a most suggestive inquiry as to the future of mankind, there is another play, *Robert Macaire*, written for Mr. Henry Irving, but never produced. There is another boy story, never reprinted from the pages of the juvenile weekly in which *Treasure Island* and the *Black Arrow* appeared. There is the book on *The South Seas: a Record of Three Cruises*, published in newspapers both in Great Britain and the United States, but not yet sent forth by itself. There are two of his strongest short stories, *Markheim* and the *Body-Snatcher*, waiting to be included in some volume of brief tales. And there are certain firstlings of his art, the pamphlet on the "Pentland Rising, a Page of History, 1666," and the "Charity Bazar, an Allegorical Dialogue," both of which are said to be included in the new and uniform edition of all his works, the first of the twelve volumes of which has just appeared.

It is not known now whether *St. Ives* or any other new romance was completed before his death; and probably the story once announced as the *Jail-Bird* is that which has been published as the *Ebb-Tide*. Fortunately he did not die leaving behind him a novel half published and half finished, as Thackeray did and Hawthorne. And it is little likely that anything that may appear posthumously will either enlarge his reputation or detract from it. For his fame is secure, and the corner-stones of it are the *New Arabian Nights* and *Kidnapped*, *Treasure Island*, and the *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOSIAH PORTER.

AT an entertainment given on Wednesday night, December 12, 1894, by Company G of the Seventh Regiment of the New York National Guard, I sat at the table opposite to Major-General Josiah Porter, whose ninth year of service as Adjutant-General of the State of New York was then drawing to its close—a service extending over the terms of three Governors. General Porter was a pleasant dinner companion, but he was unusually silent on this occasion, and when he spoke briefly in response to a toast in his honor, his mind did not appear to work with its usual freedom. The current of life which was so soon to cease its flow was even then moving sluggishly.

Within an hour from that time General Porter lay prostrated by a stroke of apoplexy, in the elevated railroad car carrying him to his home. His companion, Mr. Leach, could obtain no help from sympathetic fellow-travellers or railroad employés to enable him to properly care for the stricken soldier, and the only couch vouchsafed to the helpless man was the hard platform of the railroad station where the brakemen had deposited him as the train hurried on into the darkness. Experience with midnight revellers had made them sceptical of the assurances that this was a case of severe illness. Assistance was finally obtained, and the General was carried to his home near by, and there he died on the following Friday, two days after his attack.

By the side of General Porter, at the entertainment referred to, sat the gentleman chosen by Governor Morton to succeed him in office, General McAlpin, and almost the last recollections of General Porter's life must have been the generous and hearty words of praise bestowed upon him by the man into whose hands he would on the 1st of the coming January have surrendered his office had not death given him a still earlier discharge from the responsibilities he had borne so well. No postprandial words of praise were ever more truthfully or more opportunely spoken than those by General McAlpin. General Porter was, he declared, the best Adjutant-General the State of New York had ever had. Certainly he was the best one I have known in an experience of thirty years. To his ideals of soldierly duty, to his instinctive hostility to martial humbug, and to his quiet but persistent efforts to rid the Guard of those parasitic growths of civilian pretence which sap the life of militia organizations, is largely due the efficiency of the New York State troops. He realized the responsibilities that go with the solemn sanction to wield the sword of state, and sought in every way to fit the men under him for the possibilities of actual service. He had learned by large experience the character of the men and the organizations he controlled, and he led them as far as he could, and further than any one else ever has, in the right direction, choosing for his standards those of the regular army.

General Porter's fidelity to duty was an ancestral inheritance, for he came of the sturdy New England colonial stock. He was born under the shadow of old Harvard, from which he was graduated, and his last resting-place will be near his early home in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He was, in his youth, one of the few who devoted themselves to military studies at a time when the unthinking were saying, as they are once more saying, that there was no more prospect of war in this country "than there is of a man's going to heaven without dying." He served before our civil war as a private of the Boston Cadets, as Second Lieutenant in the Boston City Guard, and as Adjutant of the famous Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston.

When war came young Porter hastened to put his military training to account, and he was, in April, 1861, mustered into the service of the United States as First Lieutenant of the First Massachusetts Battery (Battery A, Massachusetts Volunteer Artillery), and was promoted to Captain in July, 1861. Porter's battery was assigned to the Army of the Potomac, under General McClellan, and it soon achieved reputation as one of the most efficient volunteer batteries in the service. Its record at Gaines Mills, at Frazier's Farm, during the "Seven Days' Battle," at Antietam, at the Second Bull Run, and elsewhere, is part of the history of that time, when true manhood was developed so rapidly in the fierce school of war.

After his discharge from the military service Porter established himself in New York as a practising attorney, and was appointed to the bench. But his interest in military matters continued, and he was, in 1865, commissioned a Captain of the Twenty-second New York Regiment, being successively promoted to Major, Lieutenant-Colonel, and finally to Colonel in 1869. He brought this command to such a high state of efficiency that in 1882 it was placed by the Assistant Inspector-General, General T. F. Rodenbough, of the regular army, at the head of all the regiments in the State in point of general excellence, the Seventh New York following next. "As a whole," said General Rodenbough "of this command, "it approaches more nearly to the standard of the true soldier than any command in the State. The Colonel [Porter] is especially able and competent. The review and dress parade were, without exception, the finest I ever saw as to alignments, distances, manual, and perfect steadiness." Similar high praise was given by another officer of the regular army who inspected the regiment, Captain Edward Field, Fourth Artillery. "Calm dignity," said this authority, "sound judgment, and quiet inflexibility were the characteristics of Colonel Porter. I have seen nothing that approached his scientific methods."

The application of the characteristics here referred to to his higher duties as Adjutant-General is the secret of General Porter's success in that office. The reforms he introduced into the administration of military affairs in the State of New York make his administration an era in the history of the National Guard. He had the soldier's directness and simplicity of character, and his estimate of the relative importance of soldierly efficiency and mere military display was in accord with the best standards.

Without obtrusive good-fellowship, General Porter was a genial gentleman among those with whom he was familiar, and his genuine ability made unnecessary a display of reserve toward those over whom he held authority. He was always approachable, and his ends were accomplished by quiet force of character rather than by a display of authority.

He was buried on Monday, December 17th, with military honors, his body being accompanied to the railroad station from St. Andrew's Episcopal Church by Troop A the Twenty-second Regiment, his old command, and the First New York Battery. WM. CONANT CHURCH.

CANADA'S NEW PREMIER.

THE sudden death of Sir John Thompson in Windsor Castle having dissolved the Canadian government, the task of forming a new administration has been intrusted by Lord Aberdeen to Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, who thus becomes Premier of Canada and leader of the Conservative party. Mr. Bowell succeeds to the position naturally by virtue of his long service to the party and his position in the late Ministry as leader of the government in the Senate, Minister of the important Department of Trade and Commerce, and acting Premier during the absences of the Prime Minister.

Mr. Bowell was born at Rickingfall, Suffolk, England, on December 27, 1823, and is therefore about entering on his seventy-second year. He was but a boy of ten when his parents came to Canada, and he began life humbly enough the following year as printer's devil in the Belleville *Intelligencer* office. By application and ability he bettered himself, until he became in time editor and proprietor of the *Intelligencer*, and a man of much influence throughout the midland counties of Ontario. He entered the first Canadian Parliament as the representative of North Hastings in the Commons, and continued in that capacity until his elevation to the Senate in 1892. When Sir John Macdonald returned to power in October, 1878, he called Mr. Bowell to the Ministership of Customs, and for the next thirteen years he had charge of that department. He was then for a short time Minister of Militia, and in December, 1892, upon the formation of the new Department of Trade and Commerce, he became its first minister. As such he not only had direct charge of the foreign commercial relations of Canada, but he had supervisory powers over the departments of Customs and Inland Revenue. It is now probable that he will exchange this portfolio for that of President of the Council, the duties of which are light. Mr. Bowell's time will be fully occupied in discharging the responsibilities which attach to the position of Premier, which are doubly onerous at present because a general election is imminent.

Mr. Bowell was for many years Grand Master of the Orange Grand Lodge of British North America, and in 1876 was president of the Triennial Council of Orangeism of the World, held in Belfast.

Sir John Thompson was a Catholic—a convert from Methodism—and his leadership was on this account very distasteful to the Protestant Protective Association, which is a power in Ontario. Mr. Bowell's accession is naturally pleasing to this following, and to the people of the Province of Ontario generally, as they were inclined to be jealous of the preponderating influence of the Maritime Provinces in the past government of the country. Mr. Bowell is a man of high character, and he is fully expected to make a capable administrator.

AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Caspar W. Whitney has just left on an extended trip covering a distance of two thousand miles through the Barren Ground of North British America. It is Mr. Whitney's intention to gather material for a series of articles on "Snow-shoes, Dog-sledges, and Big Game" in this almost unknown country, and to study the habitat of the musk-ox, the wood-bison, and the other game animals of the region. Mr. Whitney will penetrate, by means of dog-sledges and snow-shoes, far north into the interior just east of the Rocky Mountains. He will be accompanied on this trip by Mr. A. H. H. Heming, the artist. During Mr. Whitney's absence this department will be filled with contributions from well-known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport.

SIDE-LINE SUGGESTIONS.

STUDENTS of folk-lore have agreed that the myths and legends connected with sports and games should be treated in a serious and scientific spirit. Scholars have shown, as one writer observes, "that the nursery has an archæology, the study of which may eventually lead to important results." Of all the characteristics which mark the rise and development of childish games, none impresses the scientific observer with more striking force than the tenacity with which forms and observances are clung to and handed down from generation to generation. The young are like the primitive races, whose crude codes, as Sir Henry Maine has pointed out, are characterized by a rigidity, the inevitable result of the association of law with religion arising from the conception of a supernatural origin backed by divine sanction, which made every breach of the most trifling observance an impious act, and crystallized the simplest forms into an iron-clad ritual. This instinctive conservatism any careful observer of childish sports may verify. Attempt the slightest change or modification in their games, and you will find that their rules, like the Code of Manu or the Laws of the Medes and the Persians, alter not.

The same spirit of deep-rooted conservatism stands in the way of every effort to improve the sports of more advanced years. The growth of competitive athletics, their enormous popularity, and the undue publicity they have acquired have given them a disproportionate prominence in undergraduate life, while the necessity of explicit and carefully drawn agreements and regulations has caused the diplomacy of college athletics to assume an almost comical importance, and made reforms more difficult of accomplishment by engendering a spirit of suspicion of any innovation proposed by a rival.

These reflections are suggested by a review of the attempts to modify the rules of the game of football made within the past year. After all the discussion and revision of last winter, we are forced to admit, at the end of a season's play under the new rules, that no attempt at improvement means any appreciable difference in the frequency of bodily injuries, accidental or otherwise, so long as the spirit with which players go into the game remains unchanged. Football statutes do not differ a whit from legislation generally. However stringent the code and severe the penalties, their enforcement depends upon public opinion; and what Mr. Lincoln remarked about the evils of slavery is equally applicable to the brutalities of sport. So long as the general public applauds a winning team, no matter how brutally they play the game, and even when the victory is won at the price of brutality, for just so long will rough and brutal play be at a premium. A leading daily newspaper in New York city printed, not long ago, a spirited editorial article absolutely condemning football, and demanding its abolition. Yet only twelve months back the same journal contained an article sneering at the Harvard eleven, and declaring that the Harvard team could never expect to win the Springfield game until they had made up their minds "to play football first, and be gent'emen afterwards." The public which to-day cries out with disgust at the sight of a Wrightington lying prone with a broken collar-bone, and a Murphy borne off senseless on a stretcher, has itself to blame for the spectacle; for these scenes are only the outward evidence of the underlying spirit which a senseless and indiscriminate laudation of victory, won at the cost of honor and decency, has created and fostered.

Without hinting that "the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense," the adage that the critical outsider often sees the best of the game may perhaps be accepted as apology for offering, in a purely tentative way, the following suggestions, now that the experts have had their day in court.

The most sweeping and radical change proposed is that which has been suggested by men familiar with the old style of game, as it was played before the evolution of the modern system of interference. Forbid interference altogether, re-enact and strictly enforce the rules against off-side play, and, it is claimed, you will not only do away with all the dangers involved in mass and momentum attacks, but at the same time you will encourage a more open style of game, with frequent and long passes—a result certainly much to be desired.

It is true that this would mean a return in bottom principle to the game as we took it from its English home; for the development of interference—*i. e.*, grouping a mass of men in advance of the runner so as to interfere with attempts to catch him—is a distinctly American evolution, and has resulted, without doubt, in producing the highly scientific and bewilderingly intricate manœuvres which are the feature of the American game, and the preparation for which requires an expenditure of brain matter in actual study on the part of the players hardly possible to realize by any one unfamiliar with the time and attention which must be given to diagrams and football "talks" or "lectures" by the candidates for places on the teams. That there is much to be said in favor of football from the purely *intellectual* point of view no one will be disposed to deny who has noted the comical seriousness with which the football student follows the instructor as the latter explains the diagram of an intricate play. Now, without insisting upon the very radical proposition which seeks to eliminate interference or off-side play entirely, other less radical changes are worth considering which seem likely to eradicate many of the opportunities, and, above all, the temptations, to brutality, without destroying that feature which may fairly be called the national characteristic of the American game.

Bad blood and the temptation to rough and brutal play on the football field seem to be generated in the line. Is it possible to wipe out, or at least to minimize, the evil at the place where it begins to work? Let us see. With men standing foot to foot, with every man opposed to his particular rival, whom he is expected to "take care of," and whose style of play he has been studying with jealous eyes for a whole season, the personal element is uppermost, and necessarily involves, even in the best and most scientific team-play, a series of duels in the line. A pull is answered by a push, a push suggests a prod, and a prod tempts a blow. It is useless to deny that along with the conviction that horse-play and "scrapping" in the line are detrimental to the side which indulges in them there has grown up an equally strong conviction that if you can tempt your opponent into indiscretions of this sort, so as to draw his attention from the ball, or get him into trouble with the umpire, it is "foxy" football on your part, and all in the game. Hence the sly thrusts of knee and elbow, the quick, cruel stamp at ankle or instep—aggressions that the present conditions of the game seem to foster, and against which the spirit of true sport protests. It is here, then, at the line-up, where the personal contact is so close, where the umpire's eye cannot take in every hand, foot, leg, arm, and shoulder, along the two opposing lines, which almost dovetail into each other at the very moment when the ball is about to be put in motion, that the temptations to foul play are strongest, the chances of detection least. Why not line up a yard apart?

I know the suggestion will be met by declarations of this insuperable difficulty and that. It has been tried, we are told, and the result has been a flying mass play at each down. But let us look at the probabilities. Add another umpire to the staff, and let each of them look after the line of forwards on his side. In point of fact, though the umpires could look down between the lines more easily than under present rules, the forwards would have their heads and bodies almost as close, each to his opponent's, as now. The heavy-weights, the centre men, in order to perform their functions properly, must bend forward until their bodies are almost if not quite parallel with the ground, as all coaches insist, and the opposing *bodies* of the men would be hardly any further apart than in the present style of line-up. So that there would be little likelihood of the players coming together with much more force than at present, while the great advantage likely to follow is that the separation of the two lines would lessen the tendency to aggressions, while enabling the umpires to detect instantly off-side work or the unfair use of hand, arm, or shoulder. Minimizing the chances of personal contact will minimize the temptations to foul and off-side play at the moment when the impulse is strongest and the risk of detection least.

There seems to be, moreover, a great opportunity for improvement in the treatment of "punts." The effort to make a more open game this year has resulted in giving a disproportionate value to the mere ability to kick a football a great distance. As was predicted by more than one old player at the beginning of the season, the team possessing the longest punter has usually won, even when the defeated eleven showed better interference, better team-play, and better generalship. Given a full-back who can gain from ten to fifteen yards on every exchange of kicks, and you have an advantage in the work of one man that more than offsets the results of careful and scientific training and team-work of a whole eleven. The simple punt has been given too great a premium. Of course I do not mean to imply that a good punter is nothing more than a man who can make a long kick. We all know punting requires judgment, accuracy, rapidity, in decision and action, backed by so much team-play as is involved in the necessity for protection against a block of the kick. Granting all this, I submit that the mere ability to outkick any man on the other side has not only counted for more than any other factor, but has counted for more than all the others put together in the "big" games of the past season. If so great a premium is put on the punter's performance, what is to be said of the man who receives the punt? When the ball goes sailing down the field, is it the kick itself which is the great achievement, and does the interest reach its pitch when it is seen that a long drive has been accomplished? Or is it the fact that the climax comes only when the ball reaches the opposing full-back, as he stands or runs with face and arms uplifted, and as the rival ends come thundering down upon him, while twenty thousand hearts leap into twenty thousand throats, and he knows that forty thousand eyes are on him at the crucial instant, when a muff may mean a touch-down, possibly the loss of the game? Is not that the supreme moment of the play? And should not the man who meets it and makes the catch, in spite of thundering forwards and roaring masses, win for his side something more than the mere right to a free kick, which, too, he must claim by an awkward signal just before he attempts the catch? We know the absurd result of last year's legislation on this particular feature of the game. The full-back had come to be the object of fierce attack.

Time and again, to the disgrace of the sport, we saw the forwards of the side which had just punted come tearing down upon the opposing back just as he was in the most defenceless condition, with face and arms uplifted toward the ball, hurl him to earth with vicious force, deliberately striving to do him the utmost physical injury, and accepting the five-yard penalty for foul tackling as cheap payment for the privilege of "breaking up the full-back." Last winter the legislation directed against this brutal and unmanly style of play consisted simply in increasing the penalty in yards, but requiring the back to signal with his hand if he intended to take a free kick as the reward of his catch. To decide whether or not to accept this chance and then to give the required signal were enough to distract the coolest player, so that in nine cases out of ten during the past season the man has preferred to take his chances for a run and failed to give the signal. The result has been that he was seized invariably at the moment of the catch, and thrown with as much force as a determined player could put into the tackle.

In other words, the remedy seems to have aggravated the evil it was expected to cure. There is an opportunity for radical legislation here by the improvement already suggested by Mr. Whitney in the columns of HARPER'S WEEKLY, who favors a rule providing that no player on the opposing side shall come within five yards of the person attempting to catch the ball. The objection that it would be difficult to measure the distance with accuracy might be met by requiring the umpire on that side, if the suggestion of two umpires should be adopted, to follow the ball down the field, which he could easily do before the opposing forwards got through, so as to mark the point beyond which they could not advance, the other umpire staying back to perform the same duty in event of a return of the kick. I believe this plan would work, even where the catch was made on the run. That it would give his "interferers" a chance to form around the full-back is probably true, and that it would give him a fair chance of gaining at least five yards on every catch. But then there ought to be some premium, and a high one, on the difficult feat of taking a twisting oval on the fly. It might work well to minimize the now too great chances of scoring on a "fluke," when a dropped punt so often means a touch-down for the other side, by providing for the surrender of the ball, if muffed, at the point where the catch is attempted and fails.

That this would open the play, give it additional movement and opportunities for skilful formations, passes, and changes after the catch, and insure less fumbling by removing the present disproportionately severe penalty for dropping the ball, all seems extremely probable.

A third suggestion is this: Let no runner be allowed to gain a yard after he is fairly tackled. It is here that the really dangerous accidents are likely to occur—far more likely than in the flying and mass plays, as Mr. Deland pointed out a year ago. A runner leaves his interference after getting under full headway, is tackled fiercely and thrown; then tries to gain his yard or two crawling on elbows and knees, and then, when the only way to stop him is literally to *head* him, down come one or two men on his head and shoulders, and it is a miracle, indeed, that necks are not broken and collar-bones smashed. A tyro can judge when a tackle has really put an end to the run. Let the whistle call the ball down at the point where the tackle is made, and if any player jumps on the prostrate man, penalize his side fifteen yards, or, better yet, send him off the field. Remove at once the motive on both sides—the inducement to wriggle out an extra yard, the inducement to head off the wriggler by piling up on a prone and defenceless opponent.

These suggestions are made in the hope that they will stimulate a more free and radical spirit in treating proposed changes of the playing rules. A modern philosopher has told us that there is "very generally a soul of truth in things erroneous." That the game of American football affords advantages, practical, moral, and intellectual, greater probably than in any other form of sport, with influences which, rightly developed, tend to build up and strengthen character itself, are claims too widely and strongly insisted upon by clear-headed, fair-minded, and accurate observers throughout the country to be treated lightly or merely set down to the prejudice in favor of a sport which helps to advertise the schools and colleges of which they are the heads. The suggestion of so low a motive hardly seems to merit serious consideration, were it not for the fact that it has been put forward by writers of influence and journals of wide circulation.

Faculties and students alike, if they have the honor of their *alma mater* at heart, must see to it that unfair and brutal play, especially when it seems to help their own side, shall meet with instant outspoken reproof and scorn. I believe that this spirit is already stirring among the football men themselves; I have too much faith in the manly, clean-minded young men, whose manliness and clean-mindedness are in part, at least, due to their training on the football field, not to feel confident that this spirit has come to stay, and that it will grow from year to year. Changes in the rules, while they cannot create, may foster and stimulate its growth; and it is in the hope of encouraging that spirit that these suggestions are offered by one who never made a touch-down or dropped a goal from the field. G. W. G.

"A SPORTING PILGRIMAGE."—By Caspar W. Whitney.—Profusely Illustrated.—8vo, Cloth, $3 50.—Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

KNOWLEDGE

brings comfort and improvement, and tends to personal enjoyment, when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting, in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative, effectually cleansing the system, dispelling Colds, Headaches and Fevers, and permanently curing Constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions, and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them, and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance. Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in **50 cent** and **$1.00** bottles, but it is manufactured by the **CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.** only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name **Syrup of Figs**; and, being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

MANUFACTURER
L. LEGRAND
11, Place de la Madeleine, 11
PARIS

General Agents for U.S.
PARK & TILFORD
917/919, Broadway
NEW-YORK

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS PERFUMERS AND FANCY GOOD STORES of U. S.

ORIZA-PERFUMES
IN LIQUID AND SOLIDIFIED FORM
LATEST NOVELTY
Violettes du Czar
FASHIONABLE PARIS PERFUME
for the HANDKERCHIEF

Important to Commercial Travellers.

On and after December 1st, Baggage Agents of the B. & O. R. R. Co. will accept coupons from mileage books issued by B. & O. R. R., P. & W. R'y, B. & O. S. W. R'y and Valley R'y of Ohio, in payment for excess baggage charges, at their face value, 2 cents each. This arrangement will not include B. & O. Mileage Books endorsed "good only on B. & O.," B. & O. Southwestern Mileage Advertising Books, nor books older than one year from date of issue.

THE CELEBRATED
SOHMER
Pianos are the Best.
Warerooms: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

S—O—H—M—E—R.

D. L. DOWD'S HEALTH EXERCISER.

TRADE MARK

For Gentlemen, Ladies, Youths; athlete or invalid. Complete gymnasium; takes 6 in. of floor-room; new, scientific, durable, cheap. Indorsed by 100,000 physicians, lawyers, clergymen, editors, and others now using it. Illustrated circular, 40 engravings, free. Address D. L. DOWD, Scientific, Physical, and Vocal Culture, 9 East 14th St., N. Y., or C. F. Jordan, Chicago Agent, 269 Dearborn Street.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING
$5. PRESS for cards, circulars, &c. Press for printing a small paper $40.

Saves money! Makes money printing for others. Type-setting easy, printed rules. Stamp for catalogue, presses, type, cards, etc., to factory.
KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Connecticut.

To the Young Face
POZZONI'S COMPLEXION POWDER gives fresher charms; to the old, renewed youth. Try it!

SKINS ON FIRE
Instantly Relieved by
CUTICURA

SKINS ON FIRE with torturing, disfiguring eczemas and every species of itching, burning, and scaly skin and scalp diseases relieved by a single application and speedily cured by **CUTICURA** when the best physicians, hospitals, and all else fails.

Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Proprietors, Boston.

MECHANICAL DRAWING
Mechanics, Steam Eng'ring, Electricity, Architecture, R. R. and Bridge Eng'ring, Plumbing, Heating, Mining, English Branches.
Send for **free** Circular, stating subject wish to study or your trade.
CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF INDUSTRIAL SCIENCES, SCRANTON, PA.

TAUGHT BY MAIL
THOROUGH PRACTICAL

No Sediment.

EVANS'
INDIA PALE ALE
AND
BROWN STOUT

are brewed from the best malt and hops obtainable.

They Never Vary in Quality
and are unsurpassed by any other brands brewed in America or elsewhere. . . .

Are Allowed Two Years to Ripen
before being bottled, to insure a uniform high grade and prime condition. . . .

Freedom from False Ferments and Harmful Acidity
rarely absent from other Ales. . . . .

Unequalled Brilliancy
there being no sediment in the bottles

Lower in Price than Foreign Brands
because we have no custom duties to pay.

All our Ale and Stout bottled at the brewery has a fac-simile of our signature on the label.

C. H. EVANS & SONS
Brewery and Bottling Works,
Hudson, N. Y.
Medals and Diploma from World's Columbian Exposition.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES
CATARRH
PRICE 50 CENTS, ALL DRUGGISTS
CATARRH COLD IN HEAD HAY FEVER ELY BRO'S N.Y.

FACIAL BLEMISHES.
Largest establishment in the world for the treatment of SKIN, SCALP AND NERVES. John H. Woodbury, Dermatologist, 127 W. 42d St., N. Y. City. Inventor of WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP. Send 10c. for sample and 150 page book on Dermatology.

FRANK LESLIES POPULAR MONTHLY

1000 Pictures

EACH YEAR IN
FRANK LESLIE'S
Popular Monthly.

THE GREAT FAMILY MAGAZINE.
25c. $3.00 a Year.

Pronounced by the Press of the Country the Most Popular Illustrated Home Magazine in America.

"In FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY all the articles are good, and some are of more than ephemeral interest."—*New York Herald.*

"The title, FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY, conveys a very perfect idea of its character. It has all the qualities that the million of readers seek in text and illustration, and the million buy it."—*Boston Globe.*

THE BEST OF READING ALMOST **FREE.**

Handsome Cloth Bound Editions of the Standard Works of Dore, Tennyson, Victor Hugo, Lord Lytton, Dickens, "The Duchess," Eliot, Thackeray, George Sands, Sir Walter Scott, Washington Irving, H. Rider Haggard, and other Famous Authors, given with FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY ***almost Free.***

Send for our Great Premium Book Offer, FREE. Specimen Copy of Magazine sent for 10c.

Mrs Frank Leslie *Publisher.*
42-44 BOND ST., NEW YORK.

STAR & CRESCENT MILLS
Turkish Bath Novelties
FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, ETC.

$5 Bath Outfit—Containing a Robe, 2 Towels, 6 Wash Cloths, 1 pair Bath Mitts, 1 pair Flesh Mitts.

$10 Bath Outfit—Containing a Robe, 2 Towels, 1 pair Slippers, matched in design, 2 Frictional Towels, 2 Absorbent Towels, 6 Wash Cloths, 1 pair Flesh Mitts, 1 pair Bath Mitts.

Bath Robes—Men, Women and Children. Price ranges from $2 to $8.

Towels—Exquisite Designs, $1 to $2 per pair, boxed.

If not found at your dealers', will be sent free on receipt of price. Returnable if unsatisfactory. Write for **Catalogue.**

STAR & CRESCENT MILLS CO., PHILADA., PA.

VINO DE SALUD
(WINE OF HEALTH.)

"I have used *Vino de Salud* with excellent effect in nervous exhaustion following an old malarial attack, and have continued to recommend it in appropriate cases."

(Letter on file in our office from a well-known physician.) A beautifully-illustrated booklet about this celebrated Spanish Tonic Wine mailed on application to
ROCHE & CO., Importers, 503 Fifth Ave., New York.

The only awarded at the Paris Exhibition 1889.
VELOUTINE
SPECIAL, HYGIENIC, ADHERENT & INVISIBLE.
POUDRE DE RIZ. — CH. FAY, Inventor
9, Rue de la Paix, Paris.—Caution. None Genuine but those bearing the word "FRANCE" and the signature CH. FAY.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWING ASS'N
ST. LOUIS, MO.
Brewers of FINE BEER Exclusively,
Brew Only the Very Choicest MALT and HOPS
THE HEALTHIEST AND FINEST TABLE BEER.
RECOMMENDED BY LEADING MEDICAL AUTHORITIES.

THE POPULAR FRENCH TONIC
VIN MARIANI
FORTIFIES NOURISHES STIMULATES REFRESHES **Body and Brain**
Indorsed by eminent Physicians everywhere.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS. AVOID SUBSTITUTIONS.
Sent Free, Album, **75 PORTRAITS and AUTOGRAPHS of Celebrities.**
MARIANI & CO., 52 West 15th St., New York.

Financial.

Letters of Credit.
Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and West Indies. Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit. Collections made.
Brown Brothers & Co.,
BANKERS, No. 59 WALL STREET.

The Commercial Advertiser

ESTABLISHED 1797.

NEW YORK'S OLDEST EVENING NEWSPAPER

ALIVE AND UP-TO-DATE.

A high-class advertising medium, reaching people with money to spend.

Publishes Morning, Evening, Sunday, and Weekly Editions.

Office: 29 Park Row, NEW YORK CITY.

DON'T STOP TOBACCO.

How to Cure Yourself while Using it.

The tobacco habit grows on a man until his nervous system is seriously affected, impairing health, comfort, and happiness. To quit suddenly is too severe a shock to the system, as tobacco to an inveterate user becomes a stimulant that his system continually craves. Baco-Curo is a scientific cure for the tobacco habit in all its forms, carefully compounded after the formula of an eminent Berlin Physician who has used it in his private practice since 1872, without a failure; purely vegetable and guaranteed perfectly harmless. You can use all the tobacco you want while taking Baco-Curo; it will notify you when to stop. We give a written guarantee to permanently cure any case with three boxes, or refund the money with ten per cent. interest. Baco-Curo is not a substitute, but a scientific cure, that cures without the aid of will power and with no inconvenience. It leaves the system as pure and free from nicotine as the day before you took your first chew or smoke. Sold by all druggists, with our ironclad guarantee, at $1.00 per box; three boxes (thirty days' treatment), $2.50; or sent direct upon receipt of price. Send 6 two-cent stamps for sample box. Booklet and proofs free. Eureka Chemical & M'f'g Co., M'f'g Chemists, La Crosse, Wis.

STEINWAY
The Standard Pianos of the World!
The Largest Establishment in Existence.
Warerooms: Steinway Hall, New York.

This INK made by
J. HARPER BONNELL CO.

887

661

"MASSY'S SAKES! WHAT AM DOSE CHILLUN AT?"

997 APR 5

Probably you think this is a joke. It isn't; it's an advertisement for Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder—most perfect made.
The lady asked for a can of it; the clerk wanted to give her a substitute. Ridiculous!
Then it is a joke? Yes, she walks out, and it's a joke on the storekeeper.

IVORY SOAP
IVORY
IT FLOATS
IS NOT LOST IN THE TUB.
THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CIN'TI.

The latest investigations by the United States and Canadian Governments show the Royal Baking Powder superior to all others in purity and leavening strength.

Statements by other manufacturers to the contrary have been declared by the official authorities falsifications of the official reports.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

The Little Ones
always relish a bowl of broth made of
Armour's
Extract of BEEF.
It makes a simple supper and so economical. Use ¼ teaspoonful of the Extract to each pint of water and add some broken crackers or bread. Can be prepared over an oil stove or gas jet. The Extract, salt, crackers and water are all you need. No trouble or mystery about it.
Armour & Company, Chicago.

If you want a sure relief for pains in the back, side, chest, or limbs, use an
Allcock's Porous Plaster
BEAR IN MIND—Not one of the host of counterfeits and imitations is as good as the genuine.

Arnold Constable & Co
RICH LACES
Point Applique, Point Venise, Point d'Angleterre Laces.
BRIDAL VEILS, CHIFFONS,
Embroidered Mousselines, Novelties in Made-up Chiffons and Laces. Renaissance, Duchesse, and Bruge Collars.
Lace, Embroidered, and Initial H'dk'fs.
OSTRICH-FEATHER BOAS.
English Umbrellas.
GLOVES.
Broadway & 19th st.
NEW YORK CITY.

GERMAN MEDITERRANEAN SERVICE
NORTH GERMAN LLOYD S. S. CO. } HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE
Fast steamers between New York and Azores, Gibraltar, Algiers, Naples, and Genoa.
Normannia, Jan. 5, M., Algiers, Genoa, Alexandria.
Kaiser W. II., Jan. 19, 1 P.M., Algiers, Naples, Genoa.
Werra, Feb. 2, 10 A.M., Algiers, Naples, Genoa, Azores.
Normannia, Feb. 16, 11 A.M., Algiers, Naples, Genoa.
Kaiser W. II., Feb. 23, 7 A.M., Algiers, Naples, Genoa.
Werra, March 9, 9 A.M., Algiers, Naples, Genoa.
Fulda, March 23, 7 A.M., Algiers, Naples, Genoa.
Kaiser W. II., March 30, 10 A.M., for Genoa.
All steamers stop at Gibraltar.
Return tickets available for the steamers of either line from Naples, Genoa, Gibraltar, Hamburg, Bremen, London, and Southampton. Direct connection from Genoa, Naples, to Egypt by N. G. Lloyd S. S. Co.'s Imperial Mail Steamers.
North German Lloyd, Oelrichs & Co., Gen. Agts, 2 Bowling Green, N. Y. } Hamburg-American Line, 37 Broadway, N. Y.

OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT of the award on GILLOTT'S PENS at the CHICAGO EXPOSITION.
AWARD: "For excellence of steel used in their manufacture, it being fine grained and elastic; superior workmanship, especially shown by the careful grinding which leaves the pens free from defects. The tempering is excellent and the action of the finished pens perfect." (Signed) FRANZ VOGT, *Individual Judge.*
Approved: { H. I. KIMBALL, *Pres't Departmental Committee.* JOHN BOYD THACHER, *Chairman Exec. Com. on Awards.*

WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of
PURE, HIGH GRADE
COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES
On this Continent, have received
HIGHEST AWARDS
from the great
Industrial and Food
EXPOSITIONS
In Europe and America.
Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes are used in any of their preparations. Their delicious BREAKFAST COCOA is absolutely pure and soluble, and *costs less than one cent a cup.*
SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.
WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.

MONEY MADE AT HOME
Easily, Honestly, and Honorably with a
Stereopticon and Lantern Slides
Giving Illustrated Lectures and Exhibitions.
Very little capital required.
For full particulars write for Catalogue V.
McIntosh Battery & Optical Co., Chicago

THE INTER-STATE CASUALTY COMPANY
CAPITAL AND ASSETS $225,000.
NEW FEATURES, TONTINE POLICIES.
ACCIDENT INSURANCE
AGAINST TOTAL DISABILITY, PARTIAL DISABILITY OR DEATH AT HOME OR ABROAD.
WOMEN INSURED. AGENTS WANTED.
DAILY, MONTHLY, YEARLY.
62 & 64 WILLIAM ST NEW YORK

TRADE E. & W. MARK
EARL & WILSON'S
LINEN
COLLARS & CUFFS
BEST IN THE WORLD